

JULY 23, 1881

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 608.—Vol. XXIV.

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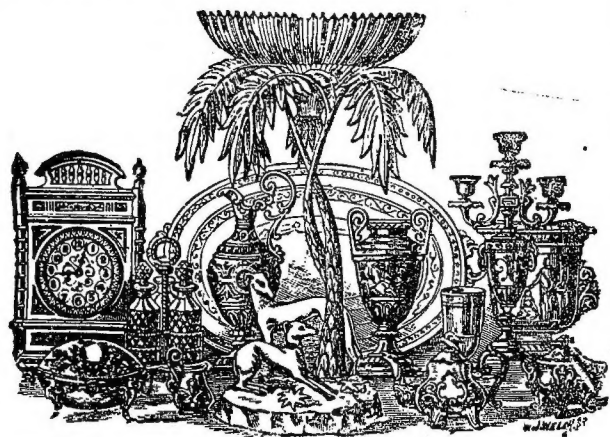
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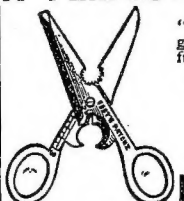
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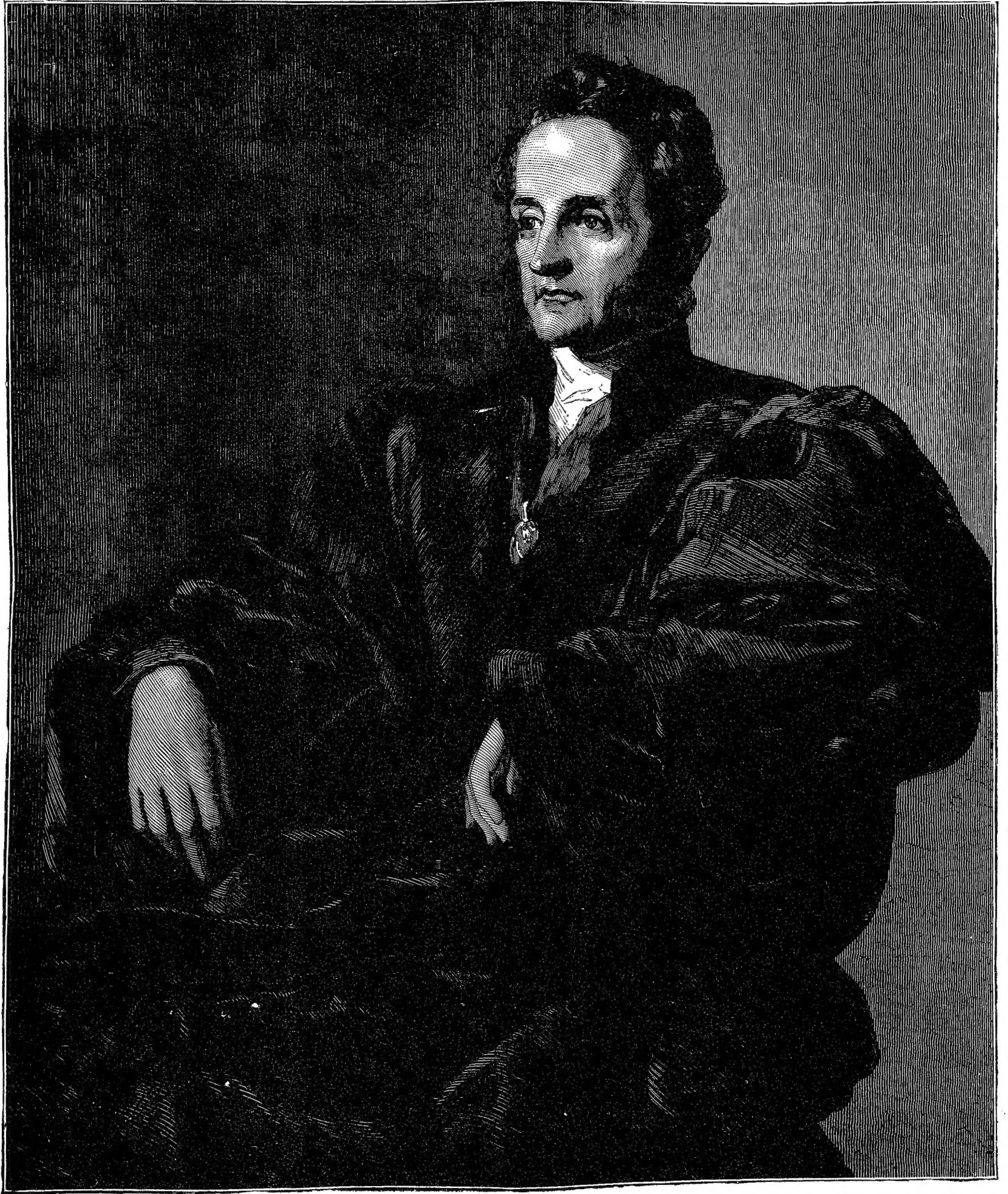
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 608.—VOL. XXIV.  
*Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper*

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1881

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## Topics of the Week

**DEAN STANLEY.**—It cannot be contended that Dean Stanley was, in the strict sense of the term, a great writer; nevertheless, his death is deplored as sincerely as if he had belonged to the foremost rank of English men of letters. His influence on his generation was remarkable, and it was due in the main to the charm of his personal character. In our time the Church of England has not produced any public man whose mind was more completely dominated by sentiments of kindness, charity, and tolerance. The tendency of Englishmen is to take their opinions in a desperately serious spirit. They form parties and cliques, and are too apt to talk fiercely and bitterly of those with whom they do not happen to agree. Amid the noise and confusion of contending sects Dean Stanley's voice was often heard pleading for those higher virtues which are independent of mere dogmas, and his teaching was always marked by delicacy, grace, and tact. He was able to maintain cordial relations with almost all classes of the community. A born courtier in the good sense, he was one of the truest friends of working men, whose affection and confidence he gained by the unaffected enthusiasm with which he sought to interest them in the elements of culture that touched his own sympathies. His administration of Westminster Abbey did not command invariable and universal approval, but no previous Dean did so much to make it—what he wished it to be—"a great centre of religious and national life in a truly liberal spirit." His statements of theological opinion were rather vague, and it is not surprising that they were regarded with suspicion by orthodox Churchmen. Nevertheless, many even of those who were his opponents are now ready to admit that such men as he play an important part in the development of the spiritual and ecclesiastical life of England. Men like Dean Stanley keep alive the great traditions by which the Established Church is associated with all that is noblest and most progressive in the national character.

**OUR COLONIES.**—Young communities, like children and animals, are always pleased to be taken notice of, and therefore the Colonial Banquet, appropriately given by a Lord Mayor who has both lived in and traded with Australia, will afford pleasure to thousands of colonists across the seas, who were, we may venture to say, spiritually though not corporeally present at the festival. Such courtesies undoubtedly tend to strengthen the links which bind together the mother country and her offspring. The question remains whether anything further can be done—by Parliament, for example—to consolidate this connection. A federation of the British Isles with all their outlying provinces forms an attractive picture to the eye of patriotism. But is it likely to be realised? The Ocean, though a convenient highway, is nevertheless a great barrier. If all the colonies, instead of being scattered over the surface of the earth, were packed together on a single continent, Federation might be possible. Even then only possible. The American colonies a hundred years ago were welded together merely by their common quarrel with England—and even now the bond is rather brittle. Newfoundland declines to join the Canadian Confederation; while the Australian colonies, though only separated by imaginary boundaries, treat each other, as regards customs' duties and various other matters, like foreign countries. Universal Federation therefore is not likely to take place in our time. But putting aside Federation, why should not the Colonies send members to the Imperial Parliament? As already they all have either formal or informal representatives in this country, it would practically consist in conferring a seat in the House of Commons on the Agent-Generals and other such-like officials. Fifty new M.P.'s would be a welcome addition for Committee work, and if the Chamber would then be too small for debating purposes, the country can afford to enlarge or reconstruct it. With this infusion of Colonial blood, home-staying Englishmen would become less apathetic and ignorant about Colonial matters than they now often are; and the Colonies themselves, instead of crystallising into foreign States, as the tendency now is, would feel that something more than a sentimental link bound them to the mother country.

**COMMUNISM IN LONDON.**—Most people were probably rather surprised to see in the daily papers the other day the report of the proceedings of a Revolutionary Congress in London. We are accustomed to hear of such assemblies on the Continent, but it seems a little odd that the usual "blood-and-thunder" talk of the most advanced of advanced parties should be indulged in at our own doors. The speakers certainly did not mince matters in the expression of their opinions. The chairman struck the keynote by denouncing capital and government, and by urging union among all nationalities for the destruction of "these enemies of democracy." Mlle. Louise Michel announced a second Golden Age, and counselled her hearers "not to spare their blood in bringing it about." A Parisian deputy stated his conviction that "the society of the present day should be utterly destroyed," and an English orator "hoped that before sixteen months the aristocrats of this country would have to beg the mercy of the working man." It is difficult to believe

that ridiculous stuff of this kind can ever have much influence in England. British workmen, even if they had no higher motives, have too much good sense to be attracted by wild rodomontade. The danger is, no doubt, much greater in Continental countries; but Frenchmen and Germans of moderate opinions are, perhaps, apt to assume too readily that there is no conceivable method of permanently suppressing revolutionary agitation, or at any rate of rendering it harmless. It may be admitted that police regulations, however strict they may be, will never suffice for the purpose. If, however, the Governments of Europe could be persuaded to come to some arrangement which would enable them to disband useless armies—if, further, they would frankly try the experiment of genuinely free institutions—the whole aspect of affairs would probably soon change. Human nature is much the same in foreign workmen as in the workmen of our own country; and neither would be inclined for violent change if the means of improving their circumstances were brought within their reach by legitimate reform.

**STORAGE OF WATER.**—Some persons may think it rather unnecessary at a period of heat and drought to evince any interest in the fate of the Floods Prevention Bill, which we fear stands a very slender chance of being passed this Session. But the fact remains that floods and droughts are closely connected together, one being generally the cause or the consequence of the other. In certain of Nature's operations a want of uniformity seems to be the rule, and this is especially the case with the rainfall, which differs very considerably in various years. In the autumn of 1876 a wet cycle set in which continued more or less till the autumn of 1880. Since then there has been a remarkable absence of rain. Paris is absolutely in danger of a water-famine, and though the Thames, thanks to the sponge-like chalk hills which feed it, is not likely to have its volume diminished for some time to come, still our London authorities would do well not to spend too much of the precious liquid on such luxuries as street-watering. Great complaint has been made in some districts of the inefficient water-supply, and such scarcity comes as an especial grievance in scorchingly hot weather, but it is only fair to remember that this same tropical heat has severely strained the resources of the Water Companies, by producing an excessive demand. More water is used for baths and for garden purposes, and already two mains have burst under the unusual pressure applied to furnish these extra requirements. During a drought, however, it is not as a rule the big towns which suffer from downright water-famine, because they usually derive their supplies from sources which are practically perennial; it is the villages and isolated cottages, which depend on springs and shallow wells. In 1868 great suffering was thus caused, and if the hot dry weather continues the suffering will recur, little or nothing having been done to mend matters during the last thirteen years. The real remedy is that the rainfall, which often seems superfluous, should not be allowed to run into the sea, but should, all over the country, be dammed up in ample reservoirs which, as we have before pointed out, would be useful for all sorts of purposes—boating, bathing, skating, and fish-breeding; besides affording farmers and others a supply of water when they needed it.

**MR. BRADLAUGH AND THE GOVERNMENT.**—Mr. Bradlaugh declares that he has no intention of bringing down a mob to Parliament on Wednesday, the 3rd of August, when he proposes to claim his seat. That there will be some of the familiar scenes, however,—scenes half painful, half ridiculous—is only too probable. Mr. Bradlaugh's friends denounce the Tories for the course they have pursued in this matter; and the indignation which is so freely expressed is not, on the whole, surprising. But it is fair to remember that the Tories have not stood alone in resisting his admission; the majority against him was secured with the aid of a large body of Liberals. For our part, we cannot help thinking that the Government are most of all to blame for the present disagreeable state of things. Had they boldly grappled with the question at the moment when it emerged, the chances are that it would have been disposed of without much difficulty. Few Liberals would have ventured to break away from the Ministry immediately after the General Election, and the maintenance of a theological test for the exercise of political functions would hardly have seemed to the Conservatives a suitable "cause" for their first great fight. Mr. Gladstone was apparently afraid of exciting what is called religious prejudice, and Parliament and the country have had to bear the consequences of his timidity. In the circumstances of the present Session he was, perhaps, justified in postponing the settlement of the controversy; but there ought to be no sort of doubt as to the solution of the problem next year. It is intolerable that a lawfully-elected representative should be prevented from doing his duty to his constituency, simply because he holds a particular set of opinions about matters with which politics are in no way necessarily connected.

**ALCOHOL.**—Dr. Andrew Clark, the well-known physician, has delivered his verdict very strongly against alcohol. Seven-tenths of our hospital cases, he says, are due to strong drink; three-fourths of the disorders of fashionable life arise from the same cause (that is, tippling, rather than downright drunkenness); to persons in good health alcohol is absolutely injurious; and even by persons of nervous temperament it

can be taken with advantage only occasionally and in very minute quantities. If Dr. Clark be right, we ought to shut up all our public houses, abolish our breweries and distilleries, and leave off importing wine and brandy from foreign parts. But is he right? Remember, he is not speaking of excessive drinking, which even drunkards know to be improper, but of the moderate drinking ordinarily in vogue. Whatever other virtues our ancestors possessed they were rarely teetotallers, and if alcohol were as pernicious as Dr. Clark and some others of his profession allege, such races as the British, the Scandinavian, and the German would long since have degenerated and died out. Instead of which, if a philosopher wanted to select typical specimens of well-grown humanity, he would probably choose them from one of these three alcoholised races. A few years ago doctors were very ready to prescribe stimulants, and it is said, turned a good many women into confirmed drunkards. Now their "fad" is all in the opposite direction. Dr. Clark would do more good if he were to raise his voice against what is an absolute and not merely a theoretical danger to the human race, namely, the increasing substitution of town for country life. The life of great cities, with its unwholesome excitements, late hours, want of muscular exercise, foul air, excessive drinking of tea and aerated waters, certainly does not breed fine men and women, and by the time we have a brick and mortar Paradise all the way from London to Birmingham, some more muscular out-of-door race will probably come and take away our place and nation.

**ITALY AND THE POPE.**—According to a writer in *The Times*, Pope Leo XIII. had intended, in the event of the last ceremonies connected with the burial of his predecessor passing off quietly, to terminate the "imprisonment." The old zealots, however, the writer says, organised the torch-bearing procession for the express purpose of "provoking what, in fact, happened, and so effectually preventing the Pope from passing the doors of the Vatican." If this is a true account of the matter, sensible Italians have good reason to resent the activity of the fanatical party. Perhaps in some respects the Church rather gains than loses by the present position of the Pope, since the loyalty of ignorant Catholics is intensified by the stories which are told of his supposed sufferings. Italy, however, would be delivered from a constant source of irritation, and even danger, if the Pope could be induced to take the first step towards re-establishing tolerable relations with the Government. The majority of civilised mankind were well pleased when authority in Rome passed from ecclesiastics into secular hands, and it was worth while, for the sake of so great an end, to run the risk of a contest between the Papacy and the State. But the result of the unnecessary continuance of the struggle is that large classes in Italy are being steadily alienated from the Church, and that the old, tiresome talk about the inherent wickedness of priests is becoming more and more popular. All the better, say some enlightened persons; but history surely suggests that movements of this kind can be profitable only if they spring from a genuine and intelligent change of conviction.

**AMERICAN RAILWAY AND OTHER BRIGANDS.**—"Such an affair as the Brighton Railway murder," said our Transatlantic cousins, "could not take place in America, because of our sensible railway coaches, up and down which guards, to say nothing of sellers of candy and newspapers, are perpetually promenading." True, O Transatlantic Cousin, but your robbers, instead of killing one man in one compartment, make capture of the whole train, and having stopped the engine at a convenient spot, quit on horseback, bearing with them considerable booty. There is a flavour of Dick Turpinism about this which adds to the zest of the enterprise. Again, during broad daylight in the streets of New York, there passes along a brewer's gig, the inmates of which are furnished with money bags for the payment of workmen's wages. Presently another vehicle runs into and upsets the brewing folk. A pure accident, of course? Well, scarcely so, seeing that the upsetters suddenly develop into plunderers, and strip the lager beer-men of their coin and greenbacks. The moral of all this is, that in view of an isolated outrage it is scarcely worth while to reconstruct our railway carriages, seeing that desperadoes, if bent on an evil deed, will find some other way of carrying out their project.

## THE GRAPHIC SUMMER NUMBER

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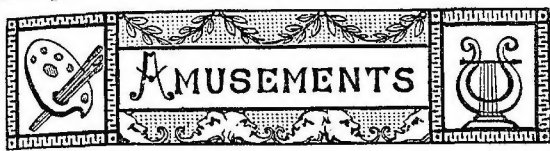
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DEAN STANLEY.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY was born December 13th, 1815. His father, the Rev. Edward Stanley, son of Sir John Thomas Stanley of Alderley, and younger brother of the first Lord Stanley of Alderley, was for nearly thirty years incumbent of the family living at Alderley, in Cheshire, before he was appointed by Lord Melbourne to the Bishopric of Norwich, in 1837. His mother was Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Oswald Leicester, Rector of Stoke-upon-Tern, in Shropshire. The Bishop was a man of rare nobility of character; he was a liberal divine at a time when ecclesiastical liberality was rare, and not over-popular; he was an active and exemplary Bishop; and his tastes and interests were wide and varied. Perhaps he is best known to the present generation as the author of that charming "Familiar History of British Birds," which has lately been reprinted. Of Mrs. Stanley, Sydney Smith said, "Her's is a porcelain understanding;" and her celebrated son writes concerning her: "There was a quiet wisdom, a rare unselfishness, a calm discrimination, a firm decision, which made her judgment and her influence felt through the whole circle in which she lived."

After being taught in his early years by his father, Arthur Stanley went to Rugby in 1829, and remained there till 1834. The school was then under the guidance of that famous master, Dr. Arnold, an old friend of his father's, and whose life was afterwards written by his favourite pupil, "a work almost without a rival in modern biography, both for the interest of its subject and the accomplished grace of its treatment."

In 1834 young Stanley gained a Scholarship at Balliol. This was the promising commencement of a series of University triumphs. By the time he was twenty-five he had won the Newdigate, the Ireland Scholarship, a First Class, the Latin and English Essay Prize, and a Fellowship at University College. At this college he remained as Fellow and Tutor for twelve years, endearing himself to many of the undergraduates by the interest (not too common among the tutors of that day) which he took in their welfare. In 1845 he was appointed Select Preacher, and his sermons deeply stirred the intellectual and religious sympathies of the young men who crowded to hear him. From 1850 to 1852 he was Secretary of the Oxford University Commission, and during his tenure of this post he was appointed Canon of Canterbury. He held the canonry for six years, during which time, besides publishing a volume of "Canterbury Sermons," he wrote his fascinating "Memorials of Canterbury," which was only eclipsed in interest by his twin work some years later on Westminster Abbey. During this period also he made that journey through Eastern lands which resulted in his "Sinai and Palestine," of all his writings, perhaps, the one which attained the widest popular appreciation. In 1853 he was appointed to the Chair of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, and shortly afterwards to the canonry at Christ Church.

Up to 1862 Dr. Stanley had lived in comparative retirement. Three events now conspired to bring him prominently into public notice. He was chosen by the Queen to accompany the Prince of Wales in his Eastern tour in 1862; in 1863, when Dr. Trench was made Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Stanley was appointed to the Deanery of Westminster; and in the autumn of the same year he was married to Lady Augusta Bruce, sister of the late Lord Elgin, and for many years a personal friend and attendant of the Queen. The Dean was wont to say that he had never lived until his marriage, and henceforward he was gradually drawn into the choicest circles of London society.

Lady Augusta proved a most admirable, indeed a perfect, wife. Under her auspices the Deanery at Westminster became one of the most distinguished salons in London. She was a loving and earnest partner in all her husband's labours and pursuits, and when she died, in 1876, she was sincerely bewailed alike by rich and poor. The Dean, in his memoir of his mother, speaks feelingly of "the supporting love which had comforted him after his mother's death. Her character, with that of his mother, is the brightest and most sacred vision of his earthly experience."

It is needless here to speak of the Dean's rare literary gifts, of his fame as a preacher, and of his liberal administration of the Abbey. As an ecclesiastical leader he stood forth from the first as the sturdy and fearless champion of freedom, toleration, and charity. Himself a Broad Churchman, his voice was always raised in favour of freedom, not only for his own party, but for each party in turn as it was assailed by its opponents. Hence he had warm friends among men of all creeds. The Archbishop of Canterbury speaks of "the extraordinary power arising from the kindness of his heart, by which even those who most differed from him learned, when brought into his immediate society, to appreciate and even to love him." And the Archbishop adds what is perhaps a still more important testimony, namely, that "the works of Dean Stanley have confirmed in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ vast numbers of persons who would otherwise have wandered from it, and that the historical element which pervades his writings has had a great effect in giving life to the belief of many." It is touching here to note that the last audible words which the Dean spoke showed that his thoughts were busy with his beloved Abbey. "I have laboured," he said, "amid many frailties and much weakness,

to make this institution more and more a great centre of religious and national life in a truly liberal spirit."

The Nonconformists, to whom the Dean always showed the utmost courtesy and kindness, sincerely lament his death. Says the Rev. Newman Hall, preaching in Weigh House Chapel on Tuesday:—"The Dean is dead. There is no need to ask what Dean. By a rare combination of varied talents, with sympathy for all that was true and good, by persistent efforts to bind together in love those whom mere system keeps apart, by labour to promote the welfare of the people, by a life most Christ-like in its purity, simplicity, and goodness, he had won himself a title superior to any which place, even though glorious as Westminster, could confer."

We have omitted to mention several of Dean Stanley's literary performances: but thousands will have read with interest his admirable comments on the Revised Version of the New Testament, which appeared in *The Times* of Wednesday, and which was the last work from the pen of one who was a most energetic member of the Company of Revisers.

For some time past the Dean's intimate friends had noticed that his vital powers seemed to be failing; but to the public at large the news of his serious illness and speedy death came with an awful suddenness. On Saturday, the 9th inst., he preached a sermon on the "Beatitudes;" but was obliged to retire twice during the service from attacks of nausea, caused, it is said, by a chill taken a few days previously. Gradually the illness became more pronounced; but no danger was anticipated until Friday, when erysipelas set in. This gradually extended, and on Monday night, at twenty minutes to twelve, the Dean expired quietly and without suffering. During his illness he was assiduously nursed by his only surviving sister, Mrs. Vaughan, and by his sister-in-law, Lady Frances Baillie.—Our portrait is from a painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.

ASHANTEE PALAVER AT ELMINA

SOME weeks since it was feared that to our other African troubles a war with the King of Ashantee was to be added. The rumour, which caused the assemblage of troops in our Coast settlements and the despatch of a war-ship to those waters, appears to have arisen in some measure from a misapprehension of King Mensah's motive in sending a messenger bearing the Golden Axe. This implement was regarded by the colonists as an emblem of impending war. On the 28th April, however, a palaver took place at Elmina between the Ashantee Embassy, Effiah Cobil, the King's mother, and her husband, Boatchie Tsinsin, on the one side; and the Governor, Sir Samuel Rowe, with his Staff, and the naval and military officers stationed at Cape Coast and Elmina, on the other. The Ambassadors stated that the King of Ashantee repudiated any hostile intention; imputed the misunderstanding to the mistake of his messenger and the machinations of his enemies; begged the Governor to intercede for him, as he was unable to fight; and sent 2,000 ounces of gold-dust as a token of his loyalty. He also denied that the Golden Axe was anything but a fetish to ensure success, or that it had any warlike significance. This palaver led to a satisfactory arrangement between both parties; and the Golden Axe, together with a portion of the gold-dust, has since been forwarded to England by the steamer *Volta*, the Axe being a gift to the Queen.

Our engravings are from sketches by Lieutenant T. R. Swinburne, Marine Artillery. One sketch depicts the reception of the Ashantee Embassy, described above. On the left is King Blay of Apollonia, then the King of Abrah (both being in the English Protectorate); in the distance is the King of Adansi (the first time he has ever left his country); on the right are the Ashantees. The Ambassador, Boatchie, is a fine-looking man, about 6ft. 3½ in. high, and wears on his arms about 200l. worth of gold bangles. In the second sketch, Boatchie is seen embracing the Governor's knees in token of submission. This took place in the "Peace with Honour" palaver of April 29th.

"IL DEMONIO"

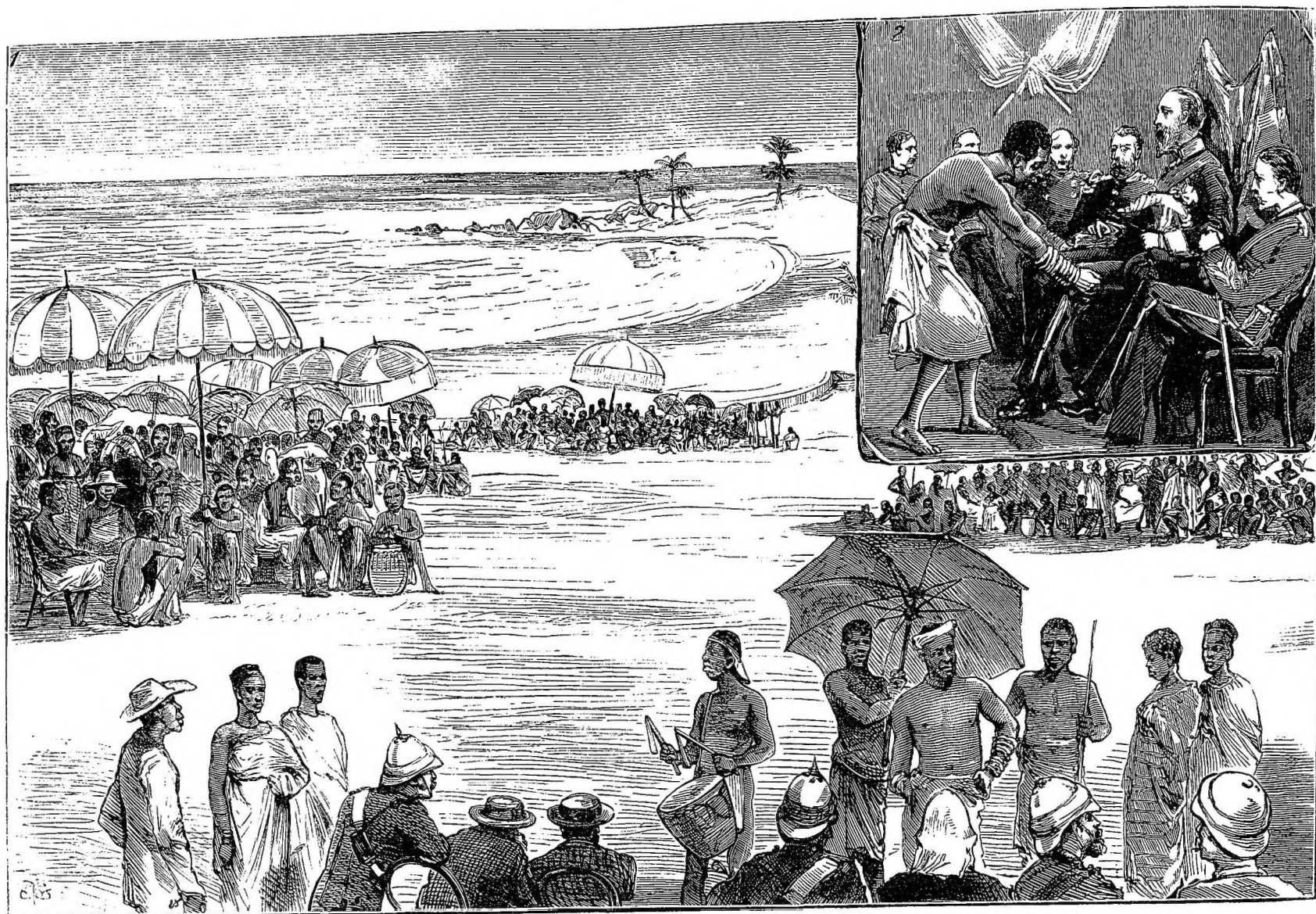
It is a curious fact that the two operas which have attracted the chief attention this season should both deal with the Prince of Darkness and spell-bound maidens. In Herr Anton Rubinstein's *Il Demonio*, however, we have not simply a demon, such as Mephistopheles, working upon human passions to secure the possession of a soul, but apparently Satan himself in love and contending for the heart of an earthly maiden. The story is founded on the poetic legend of the Russian writer Lermontoff. The opera, which has been produced by Mr. Gye, at Covent Garden, under the composer's supervision, opens with a prologue, in which the Demon, surrounded by evil spirits, is defying the Heavenly Powers. Seeing, however, Tamara, the daughter of a Caucasian Prince, Gudal, he suddenly becomes softened, and falls passionately in love with her. Tamara is about to be married, and her lover, the Prince of Sinodal, while on his way to the wedding ceremony, is waylaid and killed by a horde of Tartars, instigated to the act by the wiles of the Demon. In the second act we see Prince Gudal's Court merry-making at the approach of the wedding festivities, and ballets are danced and drinking-songs carolled, until suddenly the note of a funeral march is heard, and the Prince of Sinodal's caravan appears, with the body of the unfortunate Prince—the scene selected by our artist. Tamara is overcome with grief, and notwithstanding the words of comfort which the Demon strives to pour in her heart, determines to retire into a convent. The Fiend, nothing abashed, pursues her into her cell, and there reveals himself and his love to her, and begs her to share his throne and power. Tamara exacts from him a promise that he will reform and once more become a good angel, and, worn out by his importunity, consents, when the good angel appears with the ghost of her murdered lover, and intervenes. The maiden dies, and the Angel, bidding the baffled Demon depart, bears her to heaven in his arms. This essentially dramatic story has been characteristically set to music by Herr Rubinstein, but as we have already fully summarised the chief features of the score (in our issue for June 25th), we need only repeat that Madame Albani won a new triumph as Tamara, and that M. Lassalle was a most imposing Demon. Upon these two characters fall the main brunt of the work, there being comparatively little to do for Signor de Reske (Prince Gudal), Signor Marini (Prince of Sinodal), and Madame Trebelli (the Good Angel). The whole opera is admirably placed upon the stage, and the ballet in the second act is especially worthy of mention.

Herr Anton Rubinstein is a Russian by birth, having been born at Wechotynetz in 1829. Like Liszt, he early showed a talent for music, and at eight years of age made his first appearance in public at Moscow. He subsequently went to Paris to complete his education, and performed at several concerts, where his ability won for him the friendship of Liszt. He next went to Berlin, and afterwards returned to Russia, where he was appointed pianist to the Grand Duchess Helena. In 1863 he visited Paris and London. Of his works there is little need to speak, but we may mention his opera of *Nero*, produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1877, and his oratorio *Paradise Lost*, which is a very favourite composition in Russia. In England, perhaps, he is best known by his admirable pianoforte studies and sonatas.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SFAX

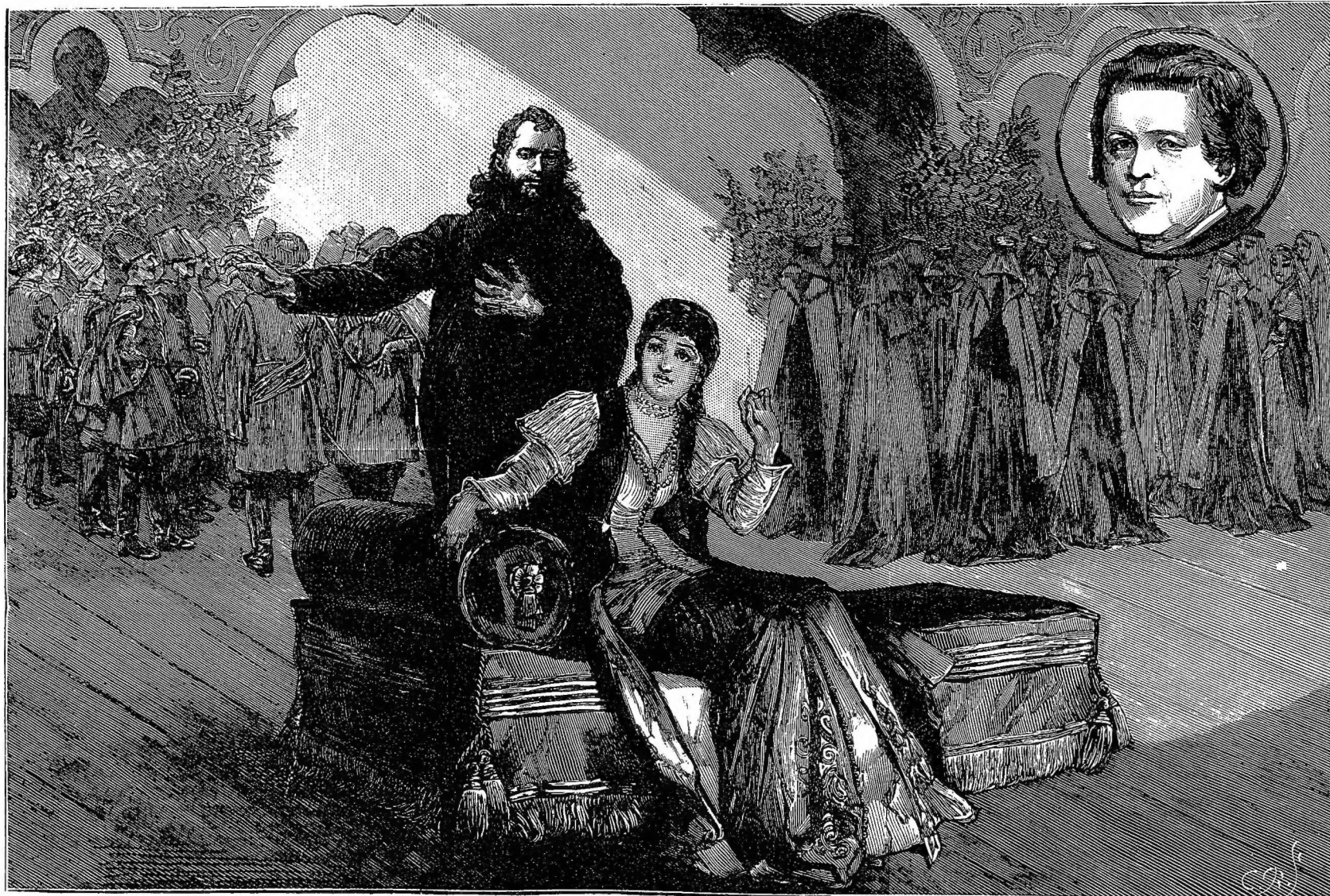
JUST as the French were rejoicing over their easy triumph in Tunis, and the soldiers were marching through the streets of Marseilles after their return journey, the Arabs of Sfax, one of the largest and best fortified towns of the Regency, suddenly plucking up spirit, rose in insurrection, and compelled the French Consul and the other Europeans to fly to the ships in the harbour for refuge. The





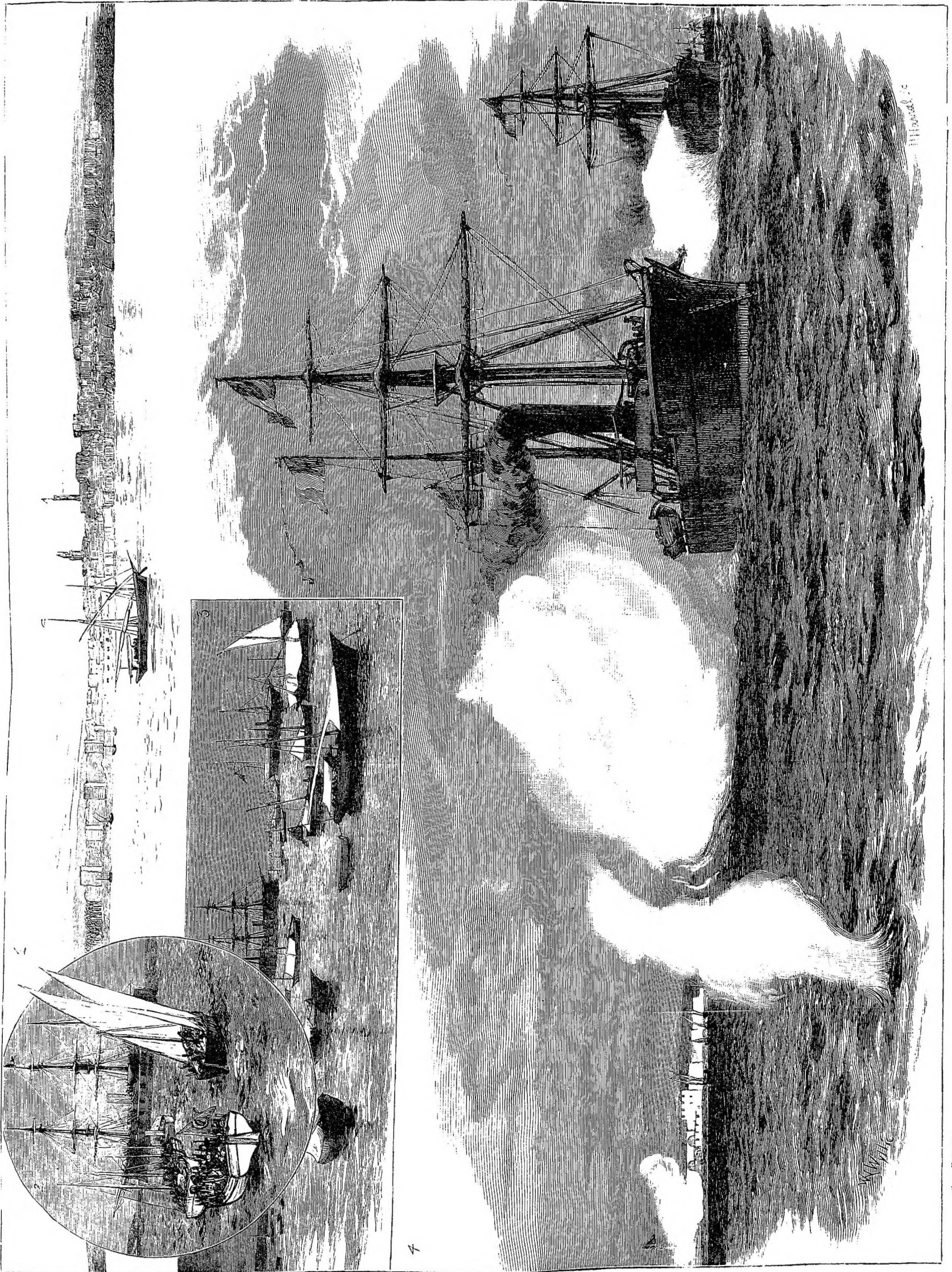
1. The Reception of the Ashantee Ambassadors at Filmina.—2. The Ambassador Boatchie Embracing the British Governor's Knees in Token of Submission  
THE ASHANTEE PALAVER

HERR ANTON RUBINSTEIN



THE OPERA SEASON—SCENE FROM HERR RUBINSTEIN'S NEW OPERA, "IL DEMONIO," AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE





"Figue"

"Chacal"

1. The Town of Sfax from the Anchorage.—2. Tunisian Troops Embarking at Goletta for Sfax on Board the "Reine Blanche."—3. Fleet of Small Vessels Containing about 500 or 600 Refugees Lying Off Sfax.—4. The French Gunboats Bombarding the Fort, Sfax.

THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF TUNIS—THE BOMBARDMENT OF SFAUX

Shore Battery



insurgents bade defiance to both the French authorities and the Bey, and seizing the forts, placed the town in a state of defence. As the French did not possess a sufficient force to attempt a landing, the vessels for some time contented themselves with bombarding the forts, with but little result. In a very short time, however, General Logerot arrived with reinforcements, and early on Saturday morning, after a heavy bombardment of twenty-four hours, a landing was effected, and the town occupied, the French losing eight killed and about fifty wounded. The Arabs offered a most energetic resistance for two hours, but were at length overpowered. Colonel Jamais was at once placed in command of the town, and ordered the immediate disarmament of the natives and the payment of a war indemnity of 60,000*l.* He also requires the inhabitants to furnish all transport animals, and holds them responsible for all damage to telegraph lines. The town had been pillaged before the entry of the French, and many houses were injured by the bombardment. Our engravings are from sketches before the capitulation by our artist, who writes:—"One of them represents the French ironclad, *La Reine Blanche*, leaving Goletta for Sfax, and another, Sfax itself from the anchorage, and the fleet of small craft in which some six hundred refugees, chiefly British subjects (Maltese, &c.) are installed. H.M.S. *Alonach* has been supplying them with food. Sfax is a walled town, with a mixed population, and the insurgents who now hold it are composed of Moors, Arabs, and rebel Tunisians, in all about 15,000 fighting men. All the foreigners have left, and are either afloat or have gone to Malta. The native women and children are encamped a few miles outside the walls, and we hear that they are detained to resist the landing of the French troops. There are now here two French ironclads, one gunboat, and three merchant steamers, containing about 2,000 fighting men. It is expected that the French vessels will move in shore so as to cover the landing of the troops. One sketch represents the French gunboat attacking the fort after the refusal of the French terms on July 5. The vessels engaged the fort for one and a half hours, coming uninjured out of the conflict themselves, while the fort was breached in several places."

#### THE LONDON WATER SUPPLY

THE scene depicted in our engraving is one which may be witnessed on any sultry day at any of the comparatively few public drinking fountains in the metropolis. It is, moreover, singularly applicable at the present moment when the extraordinary intensity of the heat makes us all long for cool streams and shady nooks. In some districts, notably those supplied by the Grand Junction Company, including Paddington and parts of Oxford Street and Piccadilly, a water famine has already shown itself, partly, if not entirely, caused by the bursting of some mains, and the seven other companies amongst whom the metropolitan area is divided join in an alarming appeal that we should economise lest the small supply which we enjoy should become even smaller.

The Companies are vigorous enough in the imposition of their rates all the year round, and as it may not be long before their affairs are laid before Parliament they would do well to spare no effort or expense to fulfil their contracts to the letter at such a trying time as the present. As for the street drinking fountains, such as the one which forms the subject of our engraving, there is urgent need of the most radical reform. Let us have less of expensive ornament and more of practical utility. To begin with, the fountains should be lower, so that very little children may reach them, more jets of water, and more cups, two at least to each jet, should be supplied, the stream should flow more generously, not trickle drop by drop while the hot and thirsty crowd waits impatiently for their turn, and finally for every fountain and cattle trough now existing a dozen or twenty more ought to be erected. It is nothing less than a disgrace to a so-called civilised city of such enormous wealth as London that its rulers should tamely stand by and leave to private effort and beneficence so important and necessary a portion of their own duty.

#### THE CITY AND GUILDS TECHNICAL INSTITUTION

ON Monday, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by the Princess, laid the foundation-stone of this building, which is to form the head-quarters of the above Institution, the objects of which were well described in an elaborate address made by the Lord Chancellor as representative of the Council. He said that twenty-two Livery Companies of the City of London, including nine of the twelve great Guilds, were represented in the Council, and jointly contributed 21,000*l.* annually to its funds. He also reminded his hearers that not only had much been done by the Institute for the advancement of technical education in provincial towns, but that the Finsbury Technical College was rapidly approaching completion, and that another had been founded in Lambeth; and, further, that Her Majesty had recognised the services which had thus been rendered to society by graciously signifying her intention to confer upon Mr. Bramwell, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, the honour of knighthood. The Prince of Wales replied to this address in a speech which dealt eloquently with the value of technical training. His Royal Highness, having been presented with a medal commemorative of the event, proceeded to lay the stone, which, as will be seen in our engraving, was one of the pillars which will support the roof of the entrance hall, facing the Exhibition Road, South Kensington. The building will have a frontage of 300 feet, and be five stories in height, and will contain two large lecture theatres, a library, chemical laboratories, class-rooms, and other conveniences. The total cost is estimated at about 66,000*l.*

#### THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY MURDER

PERCY LEFROY MAPLETON, the suspected perpetrator of this horrible crime, but whose guilt it would be unfair to assume before a properly constituted jury have had the opportunity of weighing the evidence, has been four days before the magistrates of Cuckfield for examination, but very little fresh evidence has been added to that already published in these pages. On Wednesday Mr. Brown, the station master at Three Bridges, was deservedly complimented by the Bench after telling how he had found Mr. Gold's body, and communicated the fact to the dull detective Holmes, urging him not to lose sight of Lefroy, who in his opinion must know something about it. Amongst the new facts are the identification of the umbrella found in Clayton Tunnel, and taken to the Lost Property Office, as that belonging to the murdered man, and the finding in the possession of the accused man pawn-tickets issued from the shop where he is supposed to have pawned and subsequently redeemed a revolver pistol. On Friday, the first day of the proceedings at Cuckfield, Lefroy is said to have seemed the least interested person in Court, and to have given one idea of being simply bored with the whole affair; but the advent of Mr. Poland as prosecuting counsel on Tuesday had a marked effect upon him, and since then he has paid the keenest attention to the evidence. His conduct in confinement is said to afford no corroboration of the idea that he is insane, and it remains to be seen what defence will be set up on his behalf. Meanwhile, the search for the pistol and the watch has as yet been unsuccessful. Our engraving represents the scene in Court on the first day, at the time when the guard, Thomas Watson, was under cross-examination by Lefroy's counsel as to the possibility of a man getting out of a train when it was going forty or sixty miles an hour.

#### THE AZORES

To people who spend their summer in search of the picturesque, and whose experiences of Norway and Lapland have taught them how to "rough it"—we say, Try the Azores. St. Michael's is

readily reached from Lisbon by the steamers of the *Empreza Insulana*. These vessels are English built, are excellent sea-boats, are beautifully kept, and, to those to whom Portuguese fare is not absolutely intolerable, they will prove to be well found. The steamers sail fortnightly, and in the good weather which usually prevails from July to September, they cover the distance of 800 miles in about three and a half days. The scenery of the islands is everywhere striking and picturesque; in parts they are as wild as Coruisk or Glencoe, and the cliffs and glens are worthy of the efforts of a Peter Graham or a Brett. To the naturalist they are especially interesting from their isolation, and the extraordinary evidence of intense volcanic action which they exhibit. The islands are nine in number. They belong to Portugal, and form a province of that kingdom, but although the people call themselves Portuguese they differ in many respects from their Continental brethren. They are a hardy, simple, unsophisticated folk, good-natured and hospitable, and intensely fond of their island homes.

The islands are all very small; the largest of them—St. Michael's—is only about thirty miles long by from seven to ten miles in width; but, small as they are, they manage to support a contented population of upwards of a quarter of a million; the density of population, indeed, is even greater than that of Belgium. Their trade is mainly with Lisbon and England; their exports consist principally of grain and fruit, more especially oranges and pine-apples. Fayal and Pico ship a certain amount of a rough and not over-palatable wine, much of which finds its way into the cheaper forms of London sherry. Ponta Delgada, the chief town of St. Michael's, is the largest town in the group, and has a population of about 20,000; it can boast of a theatre and numerous convents and churches. The marble front of the Matriz Church (see illustration) is rather quaint. The costumes of some of the islanders are characteristic, and readers of the "Innocents Abroad" will recall Mark Twain's astonishment at the sight of the enormous "capotes" of the Fayalese ladies. The men of St. Michael's wear a most remarkable piece of headgear, termed a "carapuça." It is shaped somewhat like a huntsman's cap, but has an enormous projecting brim in front and a long pendant cloak behind. The grandest scenery in St. Michael's is to be found at the east and west end of the island. At the east end is the district of the Furnas, situated within a huge volcanic basin—here are a number of boiling springs and geysers, and a beautiful lake backed by a magnificent peak of obsidian. The little village of the Furnas is the favourite summer-retreat of the Azoreans, who congregate here in great numbers during July and August for the sake of the iron and sulphur baths, which are held in great repute. Readers of Lord George Campbell's sparkling "Log Letters from the Challenger" will doubtless remember his account of this place, and possibly some of them will not have forgotten Marie, the maid at Grena, whose ingenious description of her Azorean sisterhood, given in "doubtful but unhesitating English," so charmed and amused Lord George and his companion. At the other end of the island is a still more wonderful crater, which for some unintelligible reason is named the Sete Cidades, or Seven Cities; it is upwards of ten miles in circumference, and at the bottom are two lakes and a small village. The view of this crater, and of the lakes as seen through a narrow gorge near the upper edge of the basin, is one of the most striking bits of the scenery in the islands. Scarcely less grand is the Caldeira of Fayal; this crater is upwards of 1,700 feet deep, and is almost circular in shape. Separated from Fayal by a narrow channel is the island of Pico, which culminates in a magnificent peak, 8,000 feet above the level of the Atlantic. Pico is the great fruit garden of the Azores, and vines and fig-trees straggle all over its stony slopes. Some very fine rock scenery is to be met with in the adjoining island of San Jorge, particularly in the neighbourhood of Vellas. Altogether the Azores may be strongly recommended for a Long Vacation trip; there is not much in the way of inn accommodation in any of the islands, with the exception of St. Michael's and Fayal, and the living is rather rough; but the invigorating air and the bright sunshine, joined to good temper, sound digestion, and a little tact, will ensure a delightful tour.

Our illustrations are from photographs, for which we are indebted to Dr. Thorpe, of the Yorkshire College, Leeds.

#### TYPES OF BEAUTY, IV.

MR. EDWIN LONG, who was made an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1876, and who has just been admitted to the full honours of that body, has gained a considerable reputation as a delineator of Egyptian and Assyrian manners and customs, both as they were thousands of years ago and as they are found in those still picturesque and comparatively unchanging regions at the present day. Visitors to the Royal Academy Exhibition will at once recall the interest successively aroused by Mr. Long's "Babylonian Marriage Market," "An Egyptian Feast," and "The Gods and their Makers;" while this year his "Diana or Christ?" has always a group of earnestly-gazing spectators assembled before it. Critics, as is usual, have differed in their estimate of the merits of this work; but there can be no doubt that it enjoys a great popularity with the public. The subject, moreover, appeals far more forcibly to modern sentiment than pictures, however skilfully executed, of what may be styled "the mummy-period of civilisation." Every one's sympathies are aroused for the enthusiastic maiden racked with cruel suspense between her earthly and heavenly allegiance, and aware also that a decision in favour of the Prophet of Galilee involves not merely separation from sweetheart and friends, but the certainty of a horrible death.

The picture which we herewith publish is one of the Types of Beauty now exhibiting in our Graphic Gallery. It shows that (pictorially) Mr. Long keeps steadfast to the dusky fair one from the banks of the Nile whom on canvas he has wooed so often and so successfully.

#### KING KALAKAUA

OUR latest Royal Visitor, King Kalakaua I. of Hawaii, is the Sovereign of that little cluster in the Pacific Ocean, generally known as the Sandwich Islands, and which are particularly memorable as having been discovered by Captain Cook, and of being the scene of his murder. Far different folk, however, are the modern Hawaiians to their ancestors, who clubbed the great navigator, and ate his heart to endow them with the white man's courage. Now instead of lava altars for human sacrifices may be seen prettily steeped churches, while the characteristic clusters of grass huts are replaced by actual towns of hotels, warehouses, and shops. Instead of a tyrannical chief, also, the ruler is an educated sovereign, with all the paraphernalia of an European Constitution, including a Parliament of two Houses, where the debates are carried on both in Hawaiian and English. Indeed, even Japan has not advanced in the wake of European civilisation with such gigantic strides. The present King, David Kalakaua I., was elected by the Parliament to the throne in 1874 upon the death of Kamehameha V., who left no heir, and did not even nominate his successor. King Kalakaua is related through his mother to the old line of kings. The announcement of his election was at first received with some dissatisfaction, and some disturbance took place, but order was ultimately restored, and seven years of a peaceful and prosperous reign have shown that the confidence of the Hawaiian Deputies was certainly not misplaced. Despite, however, the increase of material prosperity, the native population is gradually dying out, and one of the chief objects of the King's visit to the Old World is to make efforts to secure a more desirable class of colonists for his dominions, as at present they bid fair to be overrun with Chinese. The King is forty-five years of

age, having been born in 1836. His Queen's name is Kapiolani. The Royal pair have no children, and the heir presumptive is his sister, Lydia Kamakaeha, who is married to the Hon. Archibald Scott Cleghorn. The King has been exceedingly busy since his arrival in London, inspecting the various sights of the metropolis, and has been a frequent guest at social garden parties and "evenings." On Saturday he was present at the dinner to the members of the Colonial Institute. In answer to the toast in his honour proposed by the Lord Mayor, who has visited the Sandwich Islands, the King thanked him for giving so gratifying a sketch of his country, and with regard to himself remarked that though there are no "Land Leaguers" there, there are Liberals and Conservatives. "I," he continued, "am half-way between the two, or as you say, gentlemen, Liberal-Conservative."—Our portraits are from photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

#### THE BRITISH FLEET AT TRIESTE

ONE of these sketches (which are by Mr. C. Woolley, H.M.S. *Alexandra*) represents the general appearance of the harbour and mole of Trieste. The Fleet is seen at anchor outside, while the Austrian ironclad, *Erzherzog Albrecht*, is within the mole. The second represents a night serenade at Zara. "The Austrians," writes Mr. Woolley, "are most hospitable, and do their utmost to entertain us at their ports. This is by no means the only night when all hands have turned up to see some small steamer or boats decorated with lights, and burning blue lights, &c., playing various tunes as they steam round each ship, and invariably winding up with "God Save the Queen," played with Austrian variations. If not too late the ships turn out their bands, and attempt to get the Austrian National Anthem in edgeways between our friends' tunes, but usually with indifferent success, the serenaders being indefatigable."

We may observe in conclusion that, on the 11th inst., the Stadtholder of Trieste gave, in the name of His Majesty, a dinner to the British Squadron in the Imperial Chateau of Miramar. All the State apartments were thrown open, and the staircases and passages decorated with flowers. The dinner was served in the Throne Room, and, besides the officers of the Squadron, many military and civil functionaries, as well as the notabilities of the town, were invited.

NOTE.—In our Summer Number, which was published on the 18th inst., there is a story by Mr. Dutton Cook, entitled "The Third Time of Asking." This title, it appears, had already been used for a story by Miss E. Owens Blackburne, which was published in the *Family Herald* during 1876. The information reached us too late to enable us to alter our title, as our Summer Number was already printed, we therefore beg to tender our apologies to the proprietors of the *Family Herald* for the accidental selection of a title which had already been appropriated by them.



THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.—Despite the extraordinary heat, the Volunteers have been working away during the whole week with commendable perseverance. On Monday much interest was manifested in the Mullens' competition, established with the object of developing the correctness of shooting at unknown distances and moving targets. Thirty-six squads of six men each competed, but their performances were not calculated to excite wonder. The chief event of the week has been, of course, the Queen's Prize, which is this year carried off by a Devonshire man, Private Beck, 3rd Devon, with 86 points out of a possible 105. The meeting closes to-day (Saturday) with a parade and march-past, after which the commanding officers of the Volunteer Regiments dine with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House.

ELECTION NEWS.—Mr. Alexander Asher, of Heriot Row, Edinburgh, a well-known lawyer in large practice at the Scottish Bar, has been returned without opposition for the Elgin District of Burghs, in succession to Mr. M. E. Grant Duff. He is a Liberal, and therefore the return makes no difference to the political balance in the House of Commons.

BRIBERY PROSECUTIONS have been commenced at Sandwich, Macclesfield, and Boston in accordance with the report of the Commissioners. Of the eight men arraigned at Sandwich seven pleaded guilty, and the remaining one, Mr. Edwards, was convicted by the jury, but sentences were deferred until after the Long Vacation.

MR. BRADLAUGH has had an interview with the police inspector on duty at the House of Commons, and assured him that he has no intention of bringing a mob thither to support him when he makes his next attempt to take his seat. An evening contemporary publishes a letter from "A Lawyer," who, with the astuteness of his craft, points out how he thinks Mr. Bradlaugh is likely to act, and warns him that, if so, he is on the wrong tack. Perhaps, however, he may have guessed wrongly. Time alone can show whether Mr. Bradlaugh, usually so precise and cool, has at last lost his head. It is at least feasible to suppose that, after all, he may only mean to have a formal tussle with Captain Gossett, in order to have tangible ground for an action for assault, thus bringing the whole question of the legality of his exclusion before a legal tribunal.

FROM IRELAND there is little news of any importance, although the crop of minor agrarian outrages has not entirely ceased. The *Times* correspondent says that the announcement of the names of the Land Commissioners by the Premier has amazed all parties by its unexpected character. The appointment of Mr. Serjeant O'Hagan is cordially approved; about that of Mr. Litton a strong difference of opinion exists; whilst Mr. Vernon's nomination is disappointing to the partisans of the tenant.—O'Donovan Rossa's newspaper, published in New York, prints prominently a black-bordered warning to Irish landlords, stating that "the scattered clan Na Gael have determined that henceforward a record will be kept of every landlord who executes a sentence of eviction in Ireland. According to Mr. Gladstone a sentence of eviction is tantamount to a sentence of death. For every such death sentence executed on a tenant a death sentence will be recorded by the Irish race against the murderer's House. The Irish race all over the world will give encouragement to the avenging angel. The Irishman who sees his wife and children forced out of their home is justified before God and man in slaying that landlord on the spot. We ask Irish men and women to send us the names of families evicted after August, and the names and residences of the evicting landlords."

THE LOST TORPEDO, about which so much anxiety was felt on account of the important secret which it contained, though its intrinsic value is said not to be very great, was fished up on Friday last by Mr. T. C. Jones, gunner of H.M.S. *Vernon*, who for more than a fortnight had been dragging for it with a heavily-weighted net. It had sunk in the mud almost immediately below the place where it was discharged, and was found to be none the worse for its immersion.

THE TELEGRAPH CLERKS held two meetings in London on Saturday, and the "National Conference" at Liverpool has also been held. Mr. Fawcett's scheme was rejected as totally inadequate, and it was resolved to agitate for the appointment of a Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry and to form a permanent organisation for the protection of the interests of the telegraphic employees.



**THE BRITISH MUSEUMS.**—Both the parent institution in Bloomsbury and the Branch Museum of National History at South Kensington will henceforth be open every week day all the year round, except Good Friday and Christmas Day. The Reading Room will, however, be closed for cleaning and repairs on the first four days of March and October.



On Tuesday night, amid ringing cheers from the Ministerial side, the last clause of the Land Bill was passed in Committee. This was good as far as it went. But, unhappily, it did not go all the way. There is a habit on the part of Committees in the House of Commons which the ant favourably mentioned in Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad" would wholly fail to understand. That industrious creature, it will be remembered, spent the long hours of a summer's day in needlessly walking over every obstacle that came in its way, climbing perilous blades of grass which it would have been much easier to walk round. The House of Commons, when it comes to an obstacle to a Bill in Committee, has a way of postponing it to some further season. It likes to make as large a show as possible of accomplished work, and frequently rushes through a Bill, postponing consideration of all the more difficult clauses. This was not in its fullest sense the case with the Land Bill. Of its fifty clauses only four were postponed: and these, though full of difficulty, were not the most difficult. They were taken upon Wednesday, and ran through with surprising ease. This leaves only the new clauses to consider, and at the time *The Graphic* goes to press there is a fair prospect of their being finished by Friday night, or an early hour on Saturday morning.

To this end Mr. Gladstone on Tuesday contributed a powerful incentive. He then expressed a hope that the Land Bill would be disposed of by Friday. But, if that were not the case, it would be necessary to ask the House to take a sitting on Saturday. This may appear to confirm some evil forebodings put forward three weeks ago, and revived a week since, pointing to what are called "Saturday sittings." But the fact is that this is an exceptional procedure, and was not decided upon till the Cabinet meeting on Tuesday, and certainly has no connection with the statement about Saturday sittings which appeared last week, and which had special reference to last Saturday, it being at the time reasonably thought that Wednesday last would see the Bill out of Committee. But there was no sitting last Saturday, nor any intention of being one, and even yet there is fair reason to hope that Mr. Gladstone's suggestion of a sitting for Saturday in this week will have fulfilled its purpose by being uttered, and that there will be no occasion for carrying out an arrangement which the House dreads even more than an all-night sitting.

The dislocation of calculations which first announced that the Bill would be out of Committee last Friday, and was quite certain that it would be concluded on Wednesday, was due to the upheaval of the elements which go to form the Irish representation. The Emigration Clause, which proposes to do, with some help from State funds, what the Irish people voluntarily do year by year, met with acrimonious opposition from the Parnellites. For three days the debate went on, if a procedure may be called debate which consisted chiefly of vituperation by a small number of a small section of the House. On Thursday night the lowest depths of Parliamentary rowdiness were reached in a speech delivered by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, which out-Healed Mr. Biggar. This was notable in itself as indicating what it is to be hoped is absolutely the low-water mark of Irish manners in the House. But it was also memorable as drawing from the Prime Minister one of the most passionate and moving bursts of denunciatory eloquence even the present generation has heard. The ill-bred insolence of one or two of the men who arrogate the representation of Ireland had gone just a step too far. Mr. Gladstone roused the House of Commons to a height of unwonted indignation. The Conservative Opposition loyally ranged themselves on the side of the Government in maintenance of the sorely attacked dignity and freedom of the House, and at half-past three in the morning the malcontents capitulated, and the Emigration Clause was passed.

After the removal of this obstacle the Bill rushed forward with a great impetus. Friday saw no less than seventeen clauses added to the Bill, and on Monday the House found itself within four clauses of the end of the Bill. On Clause 47 a ticklish question with respect to existing leases arose, whereupon the Conservative Opposition asserted itself, and made a determined though ineffectual stand. Lord Randolph Churchill and his sometime allies on the back benches being set aside by the rarely-asserted authority of the front bench, the debate though long was orderly, and was as far as possible removed from anything like obstruction. Hon. and right hon. gentlemen made their speeches, and did not shrink from a division. But when that was taken there was an end of the point, and the Bill steadily progressed, albeit slowly.

Some further advances towards the inevitable abandonment of Bills had been made during the week. Mr. Chamberlain's obstinate determination to pass the Bankruptcy Bill, from the first recognised as hopeless, has yielded to the logic of the position. The Bill is formally withdrawn, and the Charitable Trusts Bill, a measure which Mr. Gladstone expressed a favourable hope might be allowed to get through, has shared the same fate. It now becomes increasingly clear that the Land Bill will be the sole monument of the Session's work. Mr. Dodson insists upon passing the Rivers Conservancy Bill. But the expectation might appear more likely to be realised if some other Minister were in charge of the Bill. The President of the Local Government Board is a moderately able and altogether honest man. But he lacks those little graces of deportment which enable a Minister at crises like the present to steer through the House a debatable Bill. Mr. Dodson's very manner of answering a question as to the prospects of the Bill is sufficient to settle them. He is very angry that there should be even any doubt about the Bill becoming law, and is inclined to scold the innocent and well-intentioned member who presumes to question him on the subject. What may happen in the slack days of this overburdened Session, when members have fled by the score, no one can say. But it is quite certain that two or three members, banded together to oppose such a Bill at this period of the Session, would have an easy victory over Mr. Dodson's somewhat arrogant confidence.

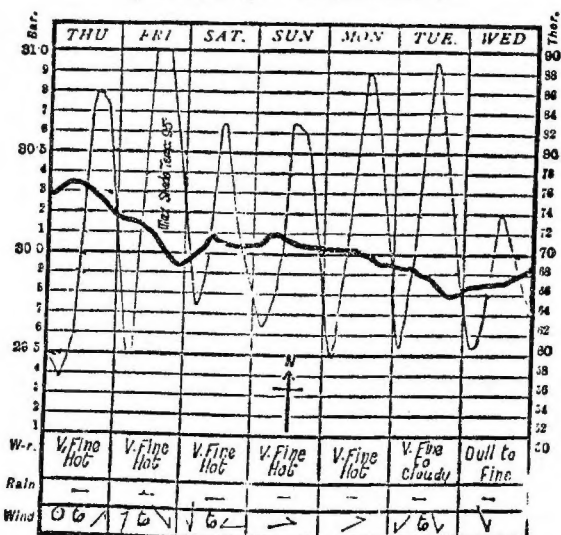
Another question long before the House has assumed a new and interesting phase. Through many weeks since the commencement of the Session Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has made application to the Prime Minister for an opportunity to discuss a resolution he had placed on the paper condemning the policy of the Government in South Africa. The Premier, whilst admitting the importance of the question, has invariably answered that he could not interrupt the progress of the Land Bill in order to debate it. Within the last fortnight, being twice appealed to with renewed energy by the ex-Colonial Secretary, he has given a pledge that the very first day that the Land Bill has gone through Committee should be allotted to this debate. Last week, under the impression that the Bill would be through on Friday, he fixed Monday. On Monday, hoping that Wednesday would see the Bill through, he fixed Thursday, and on Thursday he announced that, come what might,

the natural anxiety of the right hon. baronet should not be delayed beyond next Monday. That day, he said, would unconditionally be allotted to the question. Much to the surprise of the House, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, having the prize within his grasp, had lost all anxiety for it. Monday, he said, would be a peculiarly inconvenient time, and a better day might be found later in the Session, when the Convention now in process of agreement between the Transvaal and the English Commissioners would be completed. Mr. Gladstone pointed out that there was no hope of the Convention being ratified before the end of the Session, and that, in fact, the Convention had nothing to do with the question of the policy of the Government as raised by the right hon. gentleman. Still, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was coy, and Mr. Gladstone, to whom the whole anxiety of the debate seemed transferred, announced that in the event of the motion from the front bench not being made, the debate would nevertheless go on on Monday, the subject being raised from the Liberal benches. By the sitting of Wednesday Sir Michael had thought better of it, and announced his intention to move his resolution.

**THE CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY**, about whose method of procedure a strong difference of opinion has for a very long time existed in the public mind, has recently attracted renewed attention by its connection with two notable actions for libel. Of the case of the pseudo Miss Wilberforce little need be said, as it seems clear that in that instance the Society helped to expose an unprincipled and somewhat dangerous adventurer. Miss Waller's case is, however, a very different one, and it is not surprising that much sympathy has been expressed for the decayed gentleman whose private life has been so unceremoniously dealt with. The Society, in reply to a letter of inquiry, had said that Miss Waller was not a deserving object of charity, being "a confirmed begging-letter writer," who "lived extravagantly," and "habitually drank two or three shillings' worth of brandy a day;" and although the verdict went against her, and her appeal for a new trial on the grounds of "misdirection" and "weight of evidence," has been rejected, Mr. Justice Grove, before whom the action was tried, admitted that he hardly knew which way he himself should have found, though if he had found for the plaintiff, he should have given her very small damages. The legal decision was that such a communication was privileged unless express malice could be shown: a proposition with which sensible persons will probably agree. The Charity Organisation Society has undoubtedly done a great deal of good by directing the munificence of the benevolent into proper channels, and protecting the unwary and susceptible from the manifold wiles of professional mendicants: and it is obvious that in the great majority of cases with which it deals the results are never made public, although substantial help is afforded at the right moment by the persons for whom the investigation has been made. It employs an extensive and elaborate system of espionage for an eminently useful purpose, and it is for this very reason that, like Caesar's wife, it should be above suspicion. Whatever legal protection it may enjoy, it should certainly on moral grounds make it a strict and never-failing point that its statements should be invariably accurate and well-founded, and especially in such cases as that of Miss Waller, rather incline to palliation than exaggeration.

#### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

JULY 14 TO JULY 20 (INCLUSIVE).



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The weather until quite the close of the week was fine and exceedingly warm, the shade maxima never falling below 83°, and being as high as 95° on Friday (15th inst.). On Wednesday (20th inst.), however, the wind, which had previously been westerly or south-westerly in direction, shifted to the northward, and brought about a considerable fall in temperature, the maximum reached during the day being no higher than 74°. The nights have been comparatively cool, but the thermometer has not been below 58° all the week. On Tuesday night (19th inst.) and Wednesday morning (20th inst.) there was a good deal of very heavy cloud, which at one time threatened a storm, but the sky subsequently cleared, and nothing more than a few drops of rain fell, the amount being unmeasurable. The barometer has been a little unsteady, but readings have been generally highest over France, and lowest to the northward and westward of us. The barometer was highest highest (30.35 inches) on Thursday (14th inst.); lowest (29.87 inches) on Tuesday (19th inst.); range, 0.48 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (95°) on Friday (15th inst.); lowest (58°) on Thursday (14th inst.); range, 37°. No measurable rain has fallen.

**A ROYAL SCAPEGOAT** is a curious Travancore institution. When the late Maharajah was at the point of death, it was necessary before His Highness left this world of sorrows that his sins should be laid upon somebody else's shoulders. Accordingly a man was procured to act as a Royal scapegoat for the consideration of 500l. When the ceremony was completed, the Indian *Sunday Mirror* tells us, the dying Maharajah felt much relieved, and tenderly embraced his benefactor. The man-scapegoat, however, was not allowed to remain in the country. He was carried to Tinnevely, and ordered never to return.

**LONDON MORTALITY** considerably increased last week, owing to the exceptionally hot weather, and 1,816 deaths were registered, against 1,585 during the previous seven days—an increase of 231, being 304 above the average, and at the rate of 24.7 per 1,000. These deaths included 49 from small-pox (a decline of 24, but exceeding the average by 25), 73 from measles (an increase of 3), 53 from scarlet fever (an increase of 12), 7 from diphtheria (a decline of 1), 44 from whooping-cough (an increase of 7), 2 from typhus, 8 from enteric fever, and 292 from diarrhoea (an increase of 157, exceeding the average by 116, and including no less than 236 infants under one year of age), 3 from dysentery, and 14 from simple cholera. There were 2,533 births registered, against 2,408 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 41. The mean temperature of the air was 70 deg., and 6 deg. above the average. Friday was the warmest day, when the thermometer marked 97 deg. in the shade.



A "NATIONAL" EXHIBITION is to be held at Moscow next year.

A NEW ART GALLERY is to be built in Birmingham at the cost of 100,000l.

THE WELL-KNOWN DANISH PAINTER M<sup>rs</sup>. Jerichau-Baumann has died at the age of sixty-two.

AN ASTRONOMICAL CONGRESS is to be held at Strassburg in September. This town has been selected as it contains a well furnished observatory.

THE JAPANESE COLONY in Paris, the *American Register* tells us, are about to erect a pagoda in which to perform their devotions. The Yokohama Pagoda is to be taken as the model.

ANOTHER COMET has been discovered, this time at Ann Arbor, Michigan. It is near the constellation Auriga. The comet's motion is described as slow, and towards the north-west.

THE LATEST USE FOR PAPER across the Atlantic is for the construction of a dome 30 feet in diameter, and weighing about two tons, which is being made for the new observatory on West Point.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE STOCKS, extinct in the mother country, has been transferred to South Africa, where a Hemansdorp magistrate recently condemned a coloured incorrigible to two hours daily for some days in this unpleasant apparatus.

VACCINATION IS MAKING SOME PROGRESS in MOROCCO, thanks to the influence of the European wife of the Grand Sherief, who once a week herself operates upon children, whom their mothers bring from long distances. This lady recently vaccinated as many as fifty in one day.

THE FIRST ZOOLOGICAL STATION in the Southern Hemisphere is to be established at Watson's Bay, near Camp Cove, New South Wales, under the direction of Baron N. de Miklonho-Maclay. Every facility will be afforded to naturalists visiting Australia to study its zoology and botany.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Crown Princess of Germany visited the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours on Saturday. The Crown Princess is an Honorary Member of the Institute, and the present exhibition includes a painting by Her Imperial Highness.—Mr. Mark Fisher has been elected a Member of the Institute.

THE LATEST EXPLOIT OF THE KING OF BURMAH appears to have been the poisoning of his mother-in-law. His wife sent him some sweets which she said she had herself prepared, but instead of eating them the shrewd King sent for her mother and gave them to her, the result being the speedy death of the poor old lady. At least, so the *Times of India* tells us.

THE EXTREME HEAT ACROSS THE CHANNEL is even affecting the fishes, and the *Temps* states that the piscine inhabitants of the Meurthe are dying in large quantities, being thrown lifeless on the banks. A circular has been sent to the authorities and the various villages throughout the course of the river instructing them to bury the fish, to prevent the stench causing an epidemic.

A CARRIER-PIGEON MATCH is shortly to come off at Strassburg. The town is assumed to be besieged and cut off from all outside communication except by means of carrier-pigeons, the birds to be thrown up are not allowed to have made any trial trips, and will be kept locked up in the city for a month. The French Government has offered high prizes, and will buy all the pigeons arriving at Paris on the first day.

THE SMALLEST STEAM ENGINE in the world has been constructed by a clockmaker in America. It weighs about fifteen grains, and can be entirely covered by an ordinary thimble. The stroke of the piston is a little over 1-12th of an inch, and its diameter is less than 1-9th of an inch. The engine is built of 140 distinct pieces, fastened together by fifty-two screws, and three drops of water fill the boiler and set the engine in motion.

A STRANGE SELF-IMPOSED FAST has been practised by a Transatlantic invalid, who had suffered agonising pain from neuralgia for years past, and was determined to end her existence. For over forty days she refused all food, except a little water, which, in spite of Dr. Tanner's belief, did not sustain life, and she at last succumbed, her friends and relatives philosophically agreeing that it was useless to force her to take nourishment as she could easily find out another mode of self-destruction.

THE PRINTERS' EXHIBITION at the Agricultural Hall contains contributions from every branch of the paper-making, printing, and general stationery industries, and is well worth a visit. The display is thoroughly international, as the contributors hail from both continents, there being stationery from New York, and straw-boards from Vienna, oleographs from Paris, and lithographing stones from Bavaria. The exhibits of the manufacture of paper are especially interesting, and range from the rough wood pulp of Baden to the exquisite fine material used for bank notes. The display of the machinery in motion and the various technical processes should in particular be inspected by all interested in the art of practical printing.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN, whose magic flute lured to destruction the rats infesting the old German town, has been imitated on a small scale, but with equal success, by the lads of New Castle, Pennsylvania, U.S. A flour-mill had long been infested by an enormous colony of rats; so the boys stationed themselves outside the doors of the different floors and began to play the drum vigorously, setting some of their number to spy through peep-holes. In a short time the rats crept out of their holes, and seemed wonderfully excited; while, as the drumming grew more energetic, the rats capered and whisked along the floor as if intoxicated, running round the flour-bins in a wild chase after each other. When their revels were at their height the doors opened, and in rushed several terriers, which made short work of the unfortunate rodents. The drum and dog experiment was repeated several times, till not a rat survived. Four hundred and seventy-nine bodies lay piled up in a heap, and the mill was effectually rid of the plague of years.

AN INGENIOUS ALCHEMIST, who has certainly lived some centuries too late, was recently brought up in Bombay on a charge of witchcraft. The sorcerer was a Moslem *Hakim*, who had persuaded a confiding Hindoo clerk into the belief that copper would be changed into gold by the influence of powerful genii and fairies, and who after considerable offerings of gold and ornaments to the fairies—provided by the clerk—introduced him to the king of the genii. This mysterious being first appeared veiled in female garb, and subsequently in a fakir's mantle holding a lighted torch, but proved most rapacious, and demanded gifts for the fairies of such mundane quality as French silk, gold cloth, thread and lace, with unlimited money and musk for himself and his prime minister, and presents of ornaments for the Queen of the Genii on the birth of an heir. After several interviews, when his pocket had bled freely to the amount of over 400l., the clerk received a charm to be repeated 100 times daily for two months and a half, at the end of which time, if he had kept the secret, he would be able to turn copper into gold. He religiously fulfilled his share of the compact, but after he had repeated the charm 7,500 times, and his copper was copper still, he went for aid to the police.





THE LONDON WATER SUPPLY - A SKETCH ON A SULTRY DAY IN LONDON





**FRANCE.**—The troubles in North Africa continue to be the foremost political topic. As we have recorded elsewhere, Sfax has capitulated after a twenty-four hours' bombardment, but there have been further risings of the Arabs, and a general feeling of uneasiness prevails throughout the country. Insurgent bands now make raids to the very walls of Tunis, and a band of 500 Metellites have even carried off some 2,000 camels belonging to the Bey, from a spot scarcely a quarter of an hour's walk from the palace. At Kairouan some 800 Zlaas have entered the town, have forced the Governor to abolish all duties, and threaten to cut the aqueduct which supplies the city of Tunis with water. The Bey's troops are by no means to be depended upon at the present crisis, and desertions are frequent. Altogether the condition of the country is causing the gravest uneasiness. From Algeria the news is no better, and General Saussier telegraphs that he can take no decisive action until October. He states that three columns will be necessary in order to crush the insurrection completely. Large numbers of Spanish families are being forwarded back to their own country by the authorities.

In France proper the intense heat and the expulsion of Don Carlos have been the chief subjects of interest. In Paris the high temperature has been almost unprecedented, and the general discomfort has been heightened by a scarcity of water. An official notice was issued on Monday, warning the Parisians that the supply of water was not equal to the great consumption, and cautioning them against wasting it. In consequence the streets were not watered, and what between the dust and the stench from the unflushed drains Paris was anything but a desirable residence during the earlier part of the week. On Tuesday evening, however, a refreshing thunderstorm cooled the air. As for Don Carlos, on Monday the police waited on him, and politely requested him to leave France within twenty-four hours. The alleged cause is that he attended the Legitimist Mass celebrated a few days since, but the real reason is believed to be a desire on the part of the French Government to make itself agreeable to Spain. Don Carlos has come over to England—alike the refuge of the extreme Socialist and the staunchest Monarchist. He has issued a protest against his expulsion, taunting the Government by a sneer at the North African imbroglio, declaring that "Spain is mourning for her massacred sons and her daughters dishonoured, and carried off to the desert." The true France is not responsible for the acts of her Government.

There is little other news. The Senate has passed the Bill for rebuilding the Tuileries as an Art Museum, and M. Andrieux, the Parisian Prefect of Police, who has long been most unpopular with the Radicals, has at length resigned, being replaced by M. Camescasse, formerly Prefect of the Finistère and of the Haute Savoie. One of those extraordinary purposeless murders of which we hear from time to time in France has been committed by a boy of fifteen named Félix Lemaître. Having stolen a few pounds from his master he was seized with a desire to become a notorious criminal, and accordingly brutally murdered a little boy of six, and then at once gave himself up to the police. He was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude—the maximum punishment of the law for a criminal of his age.

**AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.**—The peaceful cession of the first zone of territory to the Greeks is producing its due effect upon the public mind both in Greece and Turkey, and there is every probability of the remaining portion of the convention being fulfilled without any noteworthy disturbance. Thus at the beginning of next month the International Commission will return to the frontier to direct the handing over of the second zone to the Greek authorities. At Constantinople all is quiet. The case of the condemned Pashas is now before the Scheik-ul-Islam, and it is manifest that the Sultan cannot make up his mind what to do in the matter. There has been another little difference between the Porte and the French Embassy, owing to the Ottoman guard-boat at Galata having failed to hoist the French flag and to fire the requisite salute as the Embassy vessel, the *Pétrel*, passed, with the French representative on board, on July 14th, the great national fête day of the Republic. The Porte alleges that the omission was a mere error; but whether that was or was not the case, the incident has not bettered the already strained relations between the two countries.

In BULGARIA Prince Alexander has returned to Sophia where he has met with a most enthusiastic reception. There have been various rumours afloat that Bulgaria's troubles in a great measure were due to the intrigues of Roumania, which is accused of having further ideas of annexation. The *Romanul*, however, warmly denies the truth of these statements. A monument to Madame Skobelev has been unveiled at Philippopolis.

**RUSSIA.**—The Socialist warfare with the powers that be continues, and the last object of Nihilist threats is General Ignatieff, whose life consequently is considered to be seriously endangered. The Nihilists are holding a congress at St. Petersburg, but the Government, although warned, cannot discover the locality. The anti-Jewish agitation also is again showing signs of breaking out, and on the 13th inst. a serious disturbance occurred at Perejaslav, where a number of unfortunate Israelites were attacked, and their property destroyed.

Admiral Popoff, whose recent experiments in naval architecture do not appear to be so successful as had been expected, has been formally relieved of his post as President of the Ministry of Marine. The *Daily News* has published some highly interesting letters from its correspondent at Merv, where he is a prisoner until his identity could be vouched for by the nearest British agent, to whom couriers have been sent. He had an interview with Tekme Sirdar, who recently visited St. Petersburg, and who laid much stress upon the fact that, if the Russians wished to march to Herat, they need not approach Merv at all. The "Siberian plague" has again appeared in several provinces and villages in the St. Petersburg district, and along the Warsaw line it has already occasioned great fatality among cattle and horses, as well as many deaths among the human inhabitants.

**GERMANY.**—The Duke of Edinburgh and the officers and sailors of the British squadron have been right royally entertained at Kiel, where there were banquets and fêtes each day of their visit. On Monday the squadron left for Leith, being escorted to sea by iron-clads and a despatch-boat, having Prince William on board. Prince Henry sailed with the Duke in H.M.S. *Hercules*, on a visit to Her Majesty.

The success of the Volunteer Review at Windsor has drawn forth numerous favourable comments from the Liberal papers, and the railway transport arrangements are in particular praised most highly. —The Emigration returns continue to increase, and between January 1st and June 30th 74,633 persons left Hamburg alone for the United States. The figures for the same period last year were only 32,489.

**ITALY.**—The anti-Clerical riot of last week which attended the translation of the body of Pope Pius IX. from St. Peter's to San Lorenzo, and the disturbances which subsequently occurred, have considerably embittered the relations between the two parties. Several

of the rioters have been condemned to fine and imprisonment. In order to prevent further insult being offered to the remains of Pius IX., the Pope has ordered his tomb to be surrounded by an iron railing. The language of the Radical organs with regard to the iron railing is most violent and indecent. For instance, the *Legis della Democrazia* calls the late Pope "this parricide tomfool of a Pontiff," and referring to the hissing by the crowd of his remains, continues, "They were hissed, and we applauded those hisses. We should have applauded still more had the remains of the great scioecio been flung from the bridge of St. Angelo into the Tiber." The name of the Papal organ, *Aurora*, is to be changed, and Monsignor Schifano, who will shortly be made a Cardinal, will retire from the editorship.

**INDIA.**—Ayoo Khan, with 2,500 men, has reached Hyderabad, on the bank of the Helmand, where he crossed last year. He is awaited near Girishk by the Ameer's Generals Hashim and Muhamad Hasan Khan, with a much larger army, while the Ameer is energetically pushing forward reinforcements from Cabul. A battle is daily expected, and upon the result of this everything will depend, as it will decide the wavering tribes upon their future course. At Candahar all is quiet at present, but letters dated the 13th state that the feeling in favour of Ayoo is almost universal in and about the city.

From India proper come excellent reports of the weather, and of the crops from all districts except that of Mysore.

**UNITED STATES.**—General Garfield seems to be steadily recovering. By the last accounts his pulse and temperature seem to be normal, and the wound has disappeared. The physicians now feel sanguine that he will ultimately recover. He is allowed to choose his food, and eats heartily of beef. The National Fund for Mrs. Garfield now exceeds 30,000.

The attempted assassination is stated to have changed the "Stalwart" views of Vice-President Arthur, and on Saturday this fact was evident by the change in the voting in the Senatorial contest at Albany, when Mr. Platt's vacancy was at last filled by Mr. Warner Miller, a Moderate Republican and a Protectionist. Mr. Conkling, however, still holds out, and the battle for the vacancy caused by his resignation still rages as fiercely and as undecided as ever.

The terrible wave of heat which swept over so large a portion of the United States last week has culminated in a series of cyclones in Minnesota, where a hundred buildings were destroyed, fourteen persons killed, and a large number injured. The storm travelled along a path a mile wide and forty miles long, destroying everything until its force was spent.

Mr. Blaine has disbursed the Fortune Bay Fishery award recently paid by England. The money only satisfied half the claims.—Two hundred and sixty-two thousand emigrants have arrived at New York this year.—A daring railway outrage is reported on the Chicago and Rock Island Railway. A band of robbers boarded the train at Winston, shot the conductor and one of the passengers dead, and going through the train carried off 2,000, in specie from the Post Office van, and levied contributions upon the passengers. Truly even the American system of saloon carriages which are open throughout the train appears to have its disadvantages.

**SOUTH AFRICA.**—According to *The Times'* correspondent a Convention of thirty-six articles has been submitted to the Boer Triumvirate, who, however, refuse sixteen of them. It is asserted also that the Commissioners assess the amount to be paid by the Boers at 1,200,000, for the old debt and the expenditure on the country since the annexation and the Secocoeni war. The *Standard* correspondent states that the terms of the Convention as settled by the Commission give to the Boers the right to elect a Volksraad and President. The treaty reserves to the Suzerain the right of declaring war. The whole of the Transvaal is to be returned to the Boers, the proviso as to a belt on the eastern side having been abandoned. No British subjects are to be commandeered for military service. A long period is allowed for the payment of State debts.—Krell, the paramount chief of the Galeka tribe, has surrendered.

**CANADA.**—The Marquis of Lorne and his suite have left Quebec for a prolonged tour in the great North-West. They are accompanied by our special artist, Mr. Sydney P. Hall, whose sketches of the chief incidents of the tour will appear from time to time in *The Graphic*.



THE Queen and Princess Beatrice are now at Osborne, where they will probably remain till the end of August. Her Majesty will then go to Edinburgh and hold a review of the Scottish Volunteers on the 25th. After a short stay in the Northern capital Her Majesty will proceed to the Highlands, arriving about the 27th August. On Saturday Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron Pawel von Rammingen lunched with the Queen at Windsor; and Earl Spencer, K.G., Countess Spencer, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone and Mrs. Gladstone, Lady Cowell, and Sir H. Ponsonby arrived at the Castle. The Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service on Sunday in the Private Chapel. The Rev. J. St. John Blunt, Master of St. Katherine's Hospital and Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty, preached. On Monday Princess Beatrice opened the Exhibition of Works of Art at the Albert Institute in Windsor. The Hon. Lady Biddulph, Sir H. Ponsonby, Captain and Mrs. Bigge dined with Her Majesty in the evening. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, left the Castle on Tuesday for Osborne. Her Majesty proceeded by special train to Gosport, and then crossed to the Isle of Wight in the Royal yacht *Alberta*.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were present on Friday night at a ball given by Colonel Ewart and the officers of the 2nd Life Guards, at the Riding School. On Saturday the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany and their daughters lunched with the Prince and Princess of Wales, and in the evening the Lord Mayor entertained the Prince at the Mansion House in his capacity of President of the Royal Colonial Institute. On Sunday the Prince went to Aylesbury on a visit to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddesdon, returning to town on Monday, when, accompanied by the Princess, the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education at Kensington. In the evening the Prince and Princess dined with the Earl and Countess of Cork. On Tuesday the Prince called at The Deanery, Westminster, to condole with the family of the late Dean Stanley. In the evening the Prince and Princess went to a dinner party given by Lord and Lady Alfred Paget, afterwards remaining to a small dance. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess witnessed the performance of *L'Etoile du Nord* at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. On Thursday the Prince and Princess of Wales went down to Brighton, and opened the Hospital for Sick Children. After viewing the new Town Hall at Hove, and visiting the residence of Sir Albert Sassoon, the Prince and Princess inspected the Aquarium and Pavilion, and returned to town in the evening, when they gave a dance at Marlborough House.

The Duchess of Edinburgh left Cherbourg on Tuesday in the Royal yacht *Osborne*, and proceeded to Osborne, Isle of Wight.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught opened the new wing of the Royal Hospital for Incurables at Putney on Saturday. The Duke

has become patron of the Military Benevolent Fund. The Duke and Duchess distributed the prizes at the Royal School for Daughters of Officers of the Army at Bath on Wednesday.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany visited the Exhibition of Painting on China at Messrs. Howell and James's Art Galleries on Saturday, and dined with the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen in the evening. On Sunday the Crown Prince and Princess attended Divine Service at Westminster Abbey, afterwards calling at Marlborough House and on the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace. On Monday the Crown Prince and Princess, with their daughters, left Buckingham Palace, and went to Norris Castle, East Cowes, Isle of Wight.—King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands was present at the guard-mounting at St. James's on Saturday morning. Later the King called on Lady Brassey in Park Lane. In the afternoon his Majesty went to the French Plays at the Gaiety, and dined with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House in the evening. The King, who was the guest of Sir Thomas Brassey at Normanhurst Castle, Battle, went to Hastings on Monday, and inspected the pier, and received an address from the Mayor and Corporation. On Tuesday his Majesty went to Madame Tussaud's, and in the evening dined with the Agent of the Hawaiian Board of Immigration, and afterwards was present at the ball given by Lord and Lady Paget.



AN INVITATION TO PRAYER, signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, several Bishops, a number of minor ecclesiastical dignitaries, besides several distinguished lay Churchmen and some well-known Nonconformists, has just been issued, naming to-day (Saturday) and to-morrow (Sunday) as days whereon they have agreed to pray and humiliate themselves before God in regard to the following subjects:—1. Thanksgiving to God for mercies to the nation, for the gracious work of His Spirit in our midst, and for the numbers who are working for Christ. 2. Humiliation for our national sins—Covetousness and Pride—Want of Devotedness to God—Want of Union amongst Christians—Indifferentism and Unbelief—Intemperance—Impurity—Dishonour to God's Holy Name and Word—Neglect of the Lord's Day. 3. Intercession: (1) That God's Name and Law may be honoured by the nation at large in all its acts; (2) That the purity of Christian life and Christian teaching, both public and private, may be so quickened by God's grace that a more effectual standard may be lifted up against evil growing around us; (3) That all those who acknowledge the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour may be constrained increasingly to love one another, and that, being redeemed by the same precious death, they may be afresh consecrated by His Holy Spirit with one heart to labour for the honour of His name and the spread of His Gospel at home and abroad.

**CONVOCATION.**—When the Lower House of the Province of Canterbury assembled on Tuesday, and the first matter alluded to was the death of the Dean of Westminster. Lord Alwyne Compton as Prolocutor, the Dean of Lincoln, Archdeacons Denison and Harrison, and Canon Rawlinson all spoke of the late Dean in terms of affection, regret, and eulogium, and the House adjourned in order to mark its sense of the loss which had been sustained.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE DEAN STANLEY will take place on Monday next at the Abbey, the service being read by the Sub-Dean, Archdeacon Jennings. The Archbishop of Canterbury will pronounce the benediction, and there will be a large attendance of Bishops and other Church dignitaries. To-morrow (Sunday), funeral sermons will be preached in all parts of London; at the Abbey Canon Farrar will preach at the morning service, the Dean of Llandaff (Dr. Vaughan) in the afternoon, and the Bishop of Peterborough in the evening.

THE PRIZE BIBLE PRESENTATION.—This annual presentation, founded by Mr. Francis Peek and the Religious Tract Society, took place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the Bishop of Manchester presiding. His lordship remarked that an awful responsibility would rest upon those who would send out into the world hundreds of thousands of children with quick wits, strong desires, and vague ambitions, and without one restraining influence of conscience, without any knowledge of a God.

THE CITY CHURCHES.—The Committee of the Church Defence Institution have resolved to prepare during the coming Parliamentary Recess a measure to enable further facilities to be given for the consolidation of City parishes, and employing the surplus funds from such consolidation towards meeting the spiritual needs of populous districts in the metropolitan area.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE opened at Liverpool on Tuesday, when from eleven candidates Dr. Osborn was chosen as President. At the Sunday School Convention, held in connection with the Conference, it was stated that there were now upwards of 4,000,000 scholars in Wesleyan Sunday Schools.

THE HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND now exceeds 30,000, although the accounts are not yet fully made up.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS in this country have declined to accede to the wishes of their fellow-religionists in Pennsylvania respecting the proposed removal of the remains of William Penn, for re-interment in the State of which he was the founder. The body will therefore remain in its present resting-place at Jordans, Buckinghamshire.



**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—Since the production of *Hérold's Le Pré aux Clercs*, the performances, as invariably happens towards the close of the season, have been chiefly limited to repetitions. If anything could insure prolonged vitality for Herr Rubinstein's *Il Demonio*, it would surely be the Tamara of Madame Albani and the Demon (an inscrutable demon, with two physiognomies) of M. Lassalle; and this was once again apparent at the third and final representation, when the great duet which forms the climax was rendered, dramatically and vocally, more impressive even than at the outset by these admirable artists. *Dinorah*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Mignon* have also been repeated. *L'Etoile du Nord*—passed by last season, although Catarina is one of Madame Adelina Patti's most striking and finished assumptions—was chosen for the (newly styled) "Gala Night" on Wednesday, which derived its principal attraction from her universally popular name. Madame Patti's Catarina is now what it has ever been—incomparable, as Meyerbeer himself could not but have admitted had he been spared to witness it, for perfect as was the execution of the music by Madame Angelina Bosio, upon whom the part devolved when the Italian adaptation of the opera was originally brought out at Covent Garden, in a histrionic sense it was by no means on a par with the



vivid and picturesque delineation of her gifted successor. Details about a performance for so long a period familiar would be superfluous; but the trio for voice and two flutes—though transposed half a tone lower, an innovation anything but accommodating to the practised flautists (Messrs. Radcliff and Young), may be specially pointed to as a model of vocal fluency and skill. The other characters were more or less efficiently sustained, Madame Valleria being as clever, sprightly, and engaging a Prascovia as could be wished, and M. Gailhard a Peter (or "Peters," as the French librettist, the prolific Scribe, entitles him) well versed in all the traditions of the rôle. Signor Marini played Danilowitz, and Signor Ciampi was, as always, conspicuously obstreperous in Corporal Gritzenko, with the accompanied recitatives added by Meyerbeer to impart such additional importance to that insignificant personage as might ensure the co-operation of "the great Lablache." The spectacle was as usual imposing and magnificent. M. Dupont conducted. *Lucia* was given on Thursday for the leave-taking of Madame Sembrich. Last night Madame Albani had also her "Gala," the opera selected for the occasion being Gounod's never-unwelcome *Faust e Margherita*, in each particular instance cast as previously; and this evening we are promised *Linda di Chamouni* which, but lately revived for Madame Patti, will bring to an end a season about which, as about the recently advertised new order of operatic enterprise, we shall have a few general remarks to offer in our next.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Here also repetitions have been the order of the week. The incident that calls for special notice is the performance of *Lohengrin*, on the whole one entitled to general commendation, and in one respect—the Elsa of Madame Christine Nilsson—beyond praise. We were deprived of our Elsa of last week, owing to the temporary indisposition of Signor Campanini; but the representation of Tuesday night more than atoned for this. That Signor Campanini's impersonation of the Knight of the Swan is the best the London stage has witnessed is no less a fact than that *Lohengrin* is by many degrees the finest of Wagner's pieces with which the English public has till now been made familiar. Signor Campanini, the first to introduce Wagner's opera to his compatriots, is thoroughly conversant with the music, and enters with enthusiasm into the poetry of the character. He was never more himself than on the present occasion, and as Madame Nilsson was at her very best the excellent result may be easily imagined. The great duet in the chamber scene, where Elsa vainly strives to wring from her mysterious champion the secret of his name and birth, was a triumph for both artists, and as such appreciated at its full worth by a crowded audience, among whom were Germans and Wagnerites without number. Small blame to them for being roused by so powerful a rendering of a situation in which the much-discussed poet-musician has put forth all his strength. Passing to the other characters, Mdlle. Tremelli, although some of the music is terribly exacting for her voice, was the energetic Ortrud with whom we have been made acquainted, and much credit is due to Signor Del Puente who, at very short notice, acted as substitute for Signor Galassi in a part at once so trying and forbidding as that of Telramund. Signor Nanetti as the King, and Signor Monti as the Herald, were both highly efficient, and altogether the performance, under the direction of Signor Ardit, was of more than average merit. The Baron Bodog Orcey's opera, *Il Riniegato*, has been repeated, without affording any legitimate reason for modifying the opinions already so widely promulgated. The opera announced to be given last night was Boito's *Meftisole*, with Madame Christine Nilsson as Margaret—"for the benefit of Mr. Mapleson." As Her Majesty's Theatre is involved in the scheme for the future concentration of Italian operatic speculation into one focus, what further observations are called for on its account must also be reserved for next week.

WAIFS.—Although the London concert season is definitely over, a word or two may be spared in recognition of a pleasing entertainment given last Saturday afternoon, at Willis's Rooms, under distinguished patronage, by Mdlles. Wanda and Jadwiga Bulewski, who have previously on more than one occasion introduced themselves to the favourable notice of the London amateur public. Mdlle. Wanda is a pianist, Mdlle. Jadwiga a violinist; both are good musicians, and each is more or less a proficient on the instrument of her choice. The young pianist played a movement from one of Beethoven's sonatas, besides a mazurka and valse from Chopin; the violinist gave a well-known piece by the late Vieuxtemps, besides a sarabande and mazurka from Bach and Wieniawski, the two uniting their efforts in the beautiful sonata in F major (Op. 23) of Beethoven. They were applauded, and deservedly so, in every separate instance. The programme was agreeably varied by Miss Charlotte Elliott, who contributed vocal extracts from Gounod, Wekerlin, and Tosti. The concert was entirely to the satisfaction of the audience.—Herr Brandt, from the Grand Ducal Theatre at Darmstadt, who rendered material service in 1876 for the *Ring des Nibelungen*, is at Bayreuth, designing the machinery for *Parisi* for the summer of 1882. Wagner, as usual, is in excellent time with his preparations.—The monument to Jacques Offenbach, erected in the garden of the Pavillon Henri IV., at the instigation and charge of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, MM. Henri Meilhac and Albert Wolff, is to be formally inaugurated without delay.—The Chevalier Gardini, husband of Madame Etelka Gerster, the vocalist, is appointed United States' Consul at Bologna, his own and his gifted lady's native city.—A new theatre, to be called Teatro de Olona, is erecting at Malaga.—M. Gounod, it is said, has completed his oratorio, *The Redemption*, destined for the next Birmingham Festival of 1882.—It is said that Mr. Carl Rosa has once more engaged the German tenor, August Schott, to play in the English version of *Tannhäuser* preparing for Her Majesty's Theatre.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have to be congratulated on a great and deserved success. The complete disaster of Kilburn and the partial failure of Carlisle are forgotten in the success which a good site and splendid weather have given the Society in the Show at Derby, which closed on Tuesday last. An enormous attendance, the presence of the Prince of Wales, and the munificent support of the Mayor of Derby, Mr. Woodiniss, made the meeting a truly brilliant one. The show of animals was mediocre. The Shropshire sheep were perhaps the leading feature. These numbered eighty-six entries, many of them really superb specimens. The other sheep classes were well filled. There was a small show of Devon, Sussex, and Hereford cattle, but the shorthorns were up to the mark, and the longhorns were a better show than we have ever before seen. The most generally admired cow among the shorthorns was Mr. St. John Acker's "Lady Carew." The implement department was very interesting. The Derby Digger, Messrs. Barron's new tree-lifting machines, and a number of new and ingenious string-binding harvesters were the principal centres of attraction, but the show of implements of all kinds was very extensive. The refreshment and other general arrangements of the Show left a good deal to be desired.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COMMISSION will probably publish their Report next January—not before. Considering the

amount of evidence they have still to get through and digest the time is by no means excessive, even supposing the Commissioners to be in general agreement with one another. Such, however, is well-known *not* to be the case, and there is very little chance indeed of an unanimous report. The sub-Commissioners have completed careful and interesting surveys, and although it has been an expensive business, the general verdict on the work of the Commission will probably be that it has been well done.

WONDERFUL HEAT throughout Western Europe as well as in the United States has been the subject of general conversation. People in England have not felt cooler for Mr. Symons telling them it is hotter in London than in Candy or Singapore, though they have something to be thankful for in that the heat has not yet risen within ten degrees of that attained in Cincinnati. Bush-fruit and flowers have been to a great extent shrivelled up by the extraordinary power of the sun, but the streams are not yet as low as we have seen them in seasons of far less tropical character. The trees in the country, too, still maintain a deep and refreshing greenness of tint.

WHEAT HARVEST began on Saturday last, when some Talavera wheat was cut on the South Downs. A few other early fields have been invaded by the sickle during the present week, and Lammas Day will see harvest begun in most of the southern counties. The corn is generally short in straw, but of strong growth. It tillered well, flowered well, and the pulp has been hardening into good grain. On the lighter soils it has shrivelled somewhat, and the yield this year will be less on the best land. The reverse was the case in 1879, and to a less extent in 1880. There is a satisfactory freedom from blight, red insect, and other diseases.

BARLEY in the opinion of not a few will be the crop of 1881 in England. A spring cereal, it has no severe winter to stand. It was sown under favourable circumstances, came up well in May, got welcome moisture in June, and now has had maturing heat in July. Some rain is now again needed, and with this aid, satisfactory harvest results should be realized.

OATS require more rain than wheat or even barley, and a majority of reports are equivocal or unsatisfactory in England. From Ireland and Scotland, however, the news is favourable, and after all, the North and West are the great oat-growing districts of the United Kingdom.

ENGLISH WHEAT of last year's growth has now become extremely scarce, and farmers hold it with firmness. Its condition is superior, its quality fair, and its value may be said to range from 44s. to 54s. per qr. The new wheat deliveries are not expected to depress the value of the few reserves of 1880 corn, for this year's wheat should be of satisfactory quality and start the market at good terms. An additional reason for this is to be found in the inferior wheat yield of the United States. Although a very large crop, the American wheat yield is yet many million bushels below the total reaped last year. Of this there does not seem to be much doubt.

REFRACTORY HORSES are more often subjects for pity than anger. The horse by nature is very timid, and when alarmed requires to be reassured, not further frightened by an irate master. Kicking horses is a brutal practice, and a groom has recently met with severe retributive justice. This man was ploughing in a field near Wood House, Sutton. One of the horses would not go on, whereupon he kicked it violently in the side. The horse in return kicked him, and the blow was so serious that the same night the man died from its effect. This ought to prove a warning against an act of heedless brutality.

THE MULE AND DONKEY SHOW AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE was not a success. Only nineteen animals were shown, and the mules and donkeys from the stables of Mr. Sutherland, of Croydon, distanced all competition. Mules ought to have an extended use in this country, but somehow they are very slow in gaining favour. One of the donkeys shown at the Alexandra Palace stood fifteen hands high, and weighed 940 lbs.

### STRAWBERRIES

WHAT has become of our old friend the cone-shaped strawberry pottle, that arrant piece of deception which had a few miserable berries in its narrow, funnel-like lower extremity, while the broader top was filled with those that were fine? That strawberry pottle thoroughly answered to O'Brien's description of Milton's Sin—very beautiful at the beginning, but very shocking at the lower extremities. It belonged to other days, and has gone out with the haut-boys which, fifty years ago, was the generic name for every street-sold strawberry. Probably as strawberries grew in bulk and became too large to descend the wicker funnel the public refused to be cozened longer, and so they died away, and we have the rich, seed-bespangled luscious fruit, fresh gathered, up by the morning trains, and reposing amidst its natural leaves in the neat, open-faced punnet, whose very aspect tells of country innocence and the absence of guile. "Fresh" and "fresh-gathered" are, as a rule, doubtful terms, but the lover of this delicious fruit may nowadays take it for granted that his strawberries really are "morning gathered," for in the month of June it is pretty well broad daylight at three o'clock in the morning, and by that hour the strawberry-growers' men and boys are out in the fields, searching beneath the leaves, and with deft scissor-working finger and thumb nails cutting off the ripe fruit for the morning market. Western Kent is the stronghold of the strawberry-growers, proximity to a station being a necessary adjunct to a fruit field, and by six or seven o'clock the baskets full, picked by the men and boys, have been arranged in the familiar neat way by light-fingered women working in a shed, and are packed off by early trains to Covent Garden; for the women work but little in the strawberry rows, for a double reason. The broad trefoils of the plant are drenched with dew, and they do as much mischief to the unsuitable feminine garments as the garments do to the plants. It is a sight worth seeing, the strawberry market at Covent Garden before breakfast on a summer morning. But that sight is far surpassed by a run through the grounds of a large strawberry-grower, whose fertile, regularly-planted rows are the very perfection of beauty. The dark green, dew-pearled leaves seem to be spreading themselves with jealous care over the rich fruit, which glistens and even flashes in the sloping beams of the morning sun, and according to the sorts, the fully-ripe scarlet-and-orange flattened British Queens, elongated Pines, or deep red rounded Keen's Seedlings, rapidly change their straw-bespinkled bed for the gatherer's basket, every berry a thing of beauty and a joy for—just as long as it lusciously melts in the mouth.

Hungry London loves strawberries, and there are plenty of growers who plant as many as a hundred acres with this fruit in monotonous-looking lines, about eighteen inches from plant to plant, and nearly double that distance between the rows. For the use of the spade has to be set aside in such extensive cultivation, and implements of the horse-hoe and scarifier kind have to be brought into service, to loosen the earth and keep down the weeds, which like Irish patriots are always rising up to lay claim to the soil. It is a hard fight, for your weeds grow faster even than the running and racing strawberry plant, but a good check is given to the intruders as the fruit is forming, by liberally dressing the ground with stable manure, which the heavy rains wash clean, leaving the well bleached straw thick upon the earth to keep the delicate strawberry from contact with the soil. Strawberry-growing is a tempting kind of cultivation to a farmer or gardener within easy reach of London. It is somewhat speculative, for much depends upon Dame Nature's tears and smiles. Given an abundance of the former early in the

season, succeeded by warm nights, and days bright with her sunny laugh: the strawberry grower may rub his hands with content, and increase his gathering staff. Great stories are told of the yieldings of poor land that has been brought into strawberry cultivation—eighty, a hundred, and even a hundred and fifty pounds per acre; but these are, of course, exceptional cases. Still, with reasonably fine weather, the profits are great and sure. Once a grower starts with his few thousand plants, he can go on to an unlimited extent, increasing his acreage by means of the abundant offsets sent as runners in all directions by the parent root. Away go the long, succulent things, bursting out into a new plant, a foot away from the old; and no sooner have the pinky rootlets of the juvenile strawberry "tot" begun to take hold of the ground than the runner is continued to form another. These young plants are taken up in due time, ready to form new fields, and to bear moderately the very next year, fruit identical with and quite as fine as that of the parent plant. There is no deterioration here, nor yet in the originals, till time begins to tell upon them in four or five years, when they leave the field to their children, and are seen no more.

It is not only from the choice selected strawberries that goodly profits are made, but also from the smaller berries which are picked later in the day, to be classed as inferior fruit, though only wanting in size; while the smallest of all, really inferior, and too often damaged fruit, goes in large quantities to the "smashers" to be boiled down for jam. But there is another class of strawberry growing that is carried on for the benefit of those whose pockets offer no check to their desires—the culture of those delicate-looking, but less fragrant and piquant, masses of coral pulp that we see so carefully ranged in boxes early in the season in the Central Avenue in Covent Garden, every berry being carefully placed in tissue paper, the box bearing its weight in ounces, for which a goodly price is asked. These are all grown beneath glass in ordinary garden pots, the very earliest by the aid of artificial heat, the later being a month or so in advance, merely through being protected from the cold chills, abundantly watered, and nursed in every ray of sunshine and genial breeze. A strawberry grower's house or pit is a pretty sight, though, as a rule, the spectator sees more pot than plant, from the necessity for keeping the growing fruit as close as possible to the glass.

It is needless to enumerate the many sorts, or to speak in praise of this or that kind. Every one knows the large increase in the size of this popular fruit. Proverbial philosophy forbids making two bites of a cherry, but strawberries are produced now that require several bites to reach the calyx and stalk, whether anointed with cream, salted with sugar, or dipped, as they should be dipped, in a fine old tawny port. A sybaritic taste, this last; but a silver tankard brim-high with picked strawberries, well sprinkled with powdered sugar, and then the interstices filled up with ruddy port, forms a repast that would have been monopolised on Olympus' heights had those non-omniscient gods but known. Fresh or morning gathered your strawberry is delicious, and with it the London dweller must be content, but to really enjoy this prince of fruits, wait till noon, when the air is all a-quiver with the ascending moisture in the ardent sun. Then tread delicately amidst the dark green rows, peer here and there till you see a glittering berry—what an insult to call the great broad fruit by so trifling a name!—speckled with golden seeds; raise the thick leaves, pick it as if it were a gem, and then taste its sun-evoked luscious juice. That is a strawberry, indeed! But there are thorns even amidst these roses,—serpents in the strawberry paradise, but they take the form of blackbirds, snails, and slugs, voracious creatures, that scent the berry's fragrance from afar. You find in the sunny garden the ruddy fruit, and pick and drop, for one side has been eaten all away; so after all you find yourself content with the basket of "morning gathered," fresh and fair, and still moist with the Kentish dew.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN



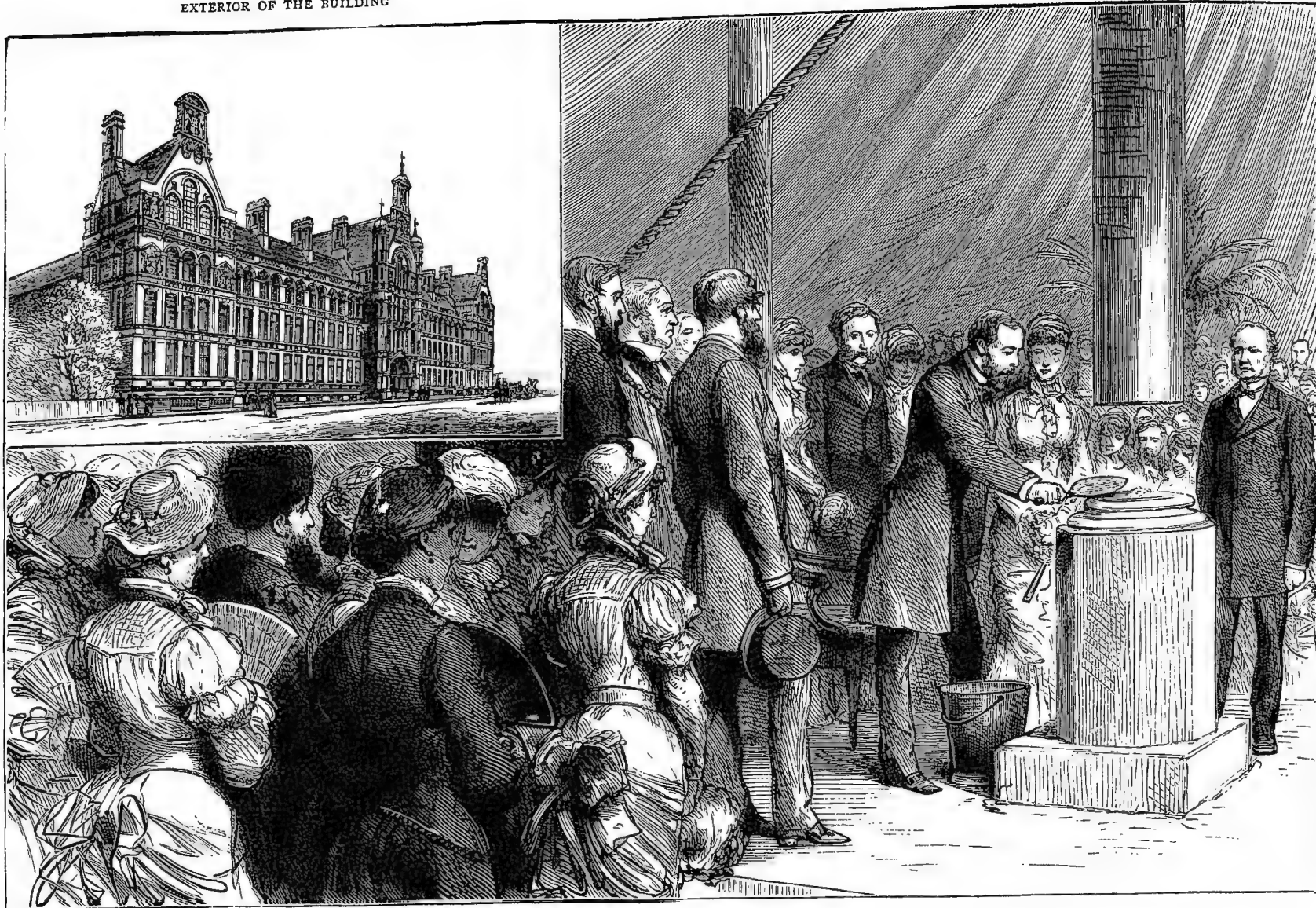
THE period in the dramatic year which corresponds to the summer solstice of our calendar—the brief interval when movement seems to be absolutely suspended—has been growing of late more and more nearly imperceptible from year to year; and there seems some probability this year of its reaching vanishing point. Several important theatres have, it is true, closed their doors, daunted apparently by the insufferable heat. This day, moreover, Mr. Irving, at the LYCEUM, and Mr. Toole, at the FOLLY, will bring their seasons to a close; while, at DRURY LANE, the Meinigen Court Company, after a prosperous season of six weeks, will take their farewell of us. Nowadays, however, no sooner, as a rule, does the regular management retire than a successor is found bold enough to reopen for what is called a "summer season," and hopeful enough to expect some measure of success, even under the unpropitious conditions of his venture. Thus, Mr. Toole's departure will be only the signal for the production, at his attractive little house, of a new comedy, entitled *Imprudence*, written by Mr. Pinero, together with other pieces, under the management of Mr. Cator, whose reign will commence on Wednesday next. In like manner the HAYMARKET will close after Friday evening next, when Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft will take leave of their London audiences for a holiday of some months' duration; but the house will reopen on the 6th of August, under the direction of Mr. C. Francis, who will produce a new comedy and a new adaptation of Varney's comic opera, *La Reine des Halles*. DRURY LANE remains closed for scarcely one week, for on Saturday next there will be produced here an elaborate romantic domestic drama, by Mr. Paul Merritt and Mr. Augustus Harris. The title is *Youth*, and its subject is akin to that of Mr. Frith's series of pictures, entitled "The Road to Ruin," as it shows in a series of tableaux the temptations by which pleasure-seeking young men in these days sometimes forfeit the brightest prospects.—That Mr. Hollingshead not only "defies augury," but declines to be daunted by thermometers, is indeed no new fact. It will therefore surprise no one who is accustomed to take note of dramatic affairs that even the week intervening between the departure of the troupe of the Paris Renaissance Theatre and the reappearance of the regular company of the Gaiety is to be devoted to a performance by the celebrated Hanlon Lees, commencing on Monday next.—At the CRITERION this evening there will be produced in the place of *Butterfly Fever* an adaptation, re-named *Flats*, by Mr. G. R. Sims of *Les Locataires de Monsieur Blondeau*, a piece of which an American adaptation has enjoyed great popularity in the United States. The principal London theatres for the moment closed are the ST. JAMES'S and the IMPERIAL.

THE OLYMPIC Theatre has passed for a short season into the hands of Mr. Frank Harvey, who, with the support of the troupe so long associated with the name of the lamented Madame Beatrice, has produced here a drama in five acts, entitled *The Workman*, which has been frequently played by them in provincial towns and cities. The play, which is the production of Mr. Harvey's pen, is a domestic drama setting forth the misfortunes of a heroine who suffers obloquy and shame through generously taking upon herself the sin of a sister. Its materials are not very fresh, but they are put together with practical knowledge of the stage; and the play consequently interests. Mr. Harvey plays with a good deal of force and some pathetic

(Continued on page 102)

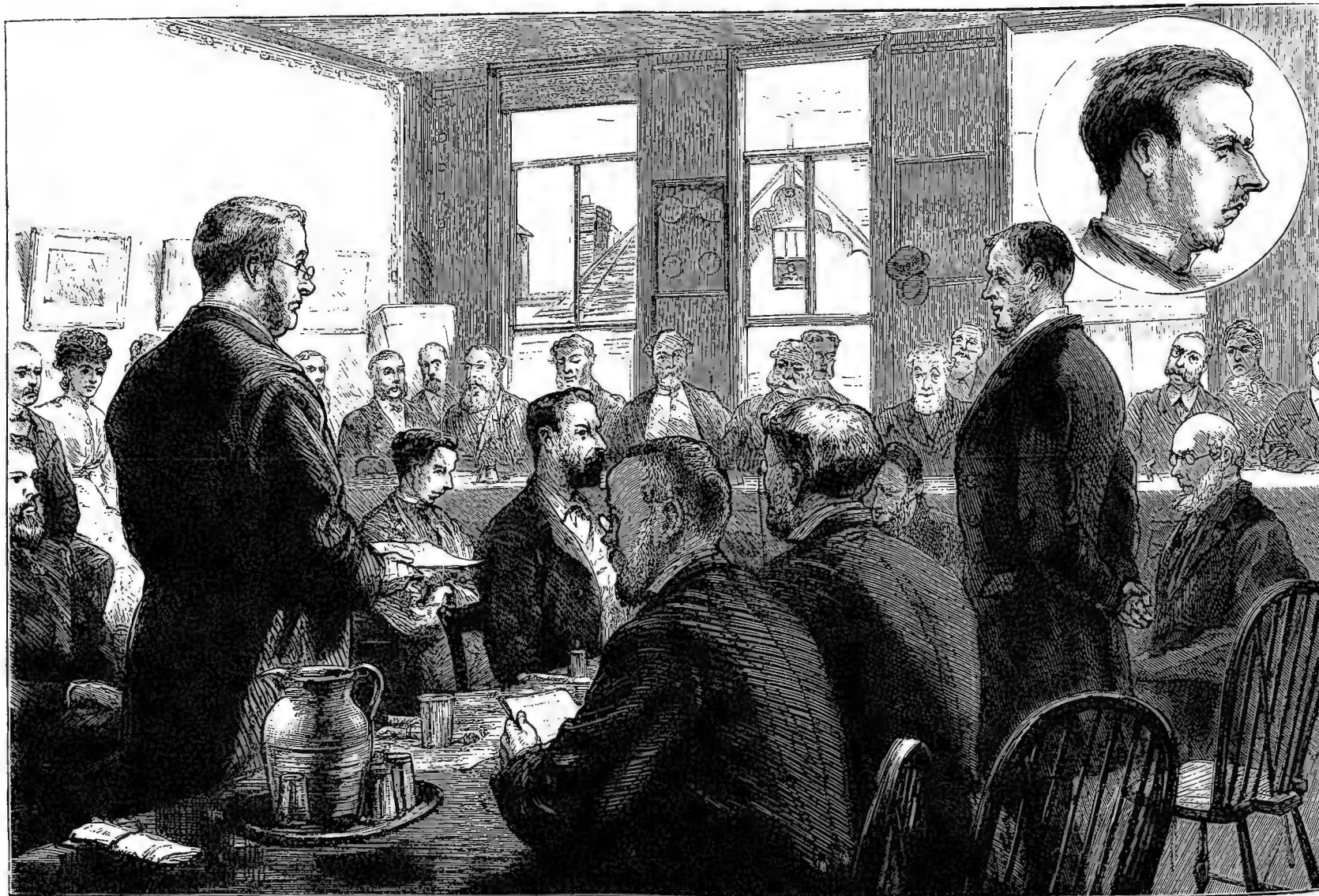


EXTERIOR OF THE BUILDING



THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE  
THE CITY AND GUILDS OF LONDON TECHNICAL INSTITUTE AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

PERCY LEFROY MAPLETON



THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY TRAGEDY — PERCY LEFROY MAPLETON BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES AT CUCKFIELD





DR. WINCHELL is quite right, in "Science and Religion" (Strahan), in saying that, when the two have seemed to come in conflict the collision has always been between the effete science embodied in ecclesiastical systems and the results of more advanced science. He believes in the derivation of species, but distinguishes between condition and cause—the length of a lamp-wick, for instance, partly conditioning the amount of light, but not being its cause. Professor Tyndall he defends from the charge of atheism and pantheism alike, remarking that he "belongs to the nescience School of theists in which Hamilton and Dean Mansel are older masters than Herbert Spencer." He is quite right, too, in pointing out that laws of nature produce no results; they are themselves results—inductions from the order of phenomena. But he is surely wrong in making so much of "the argument from common consent as a form of theistic proof." In spite of his great authority, Dr. Cocker, of the University of Michigan, there is no such common consent; and by naming Max Müller, Lubbock, and Moffat as dissenters Dr. Winchell destroys his own argument. Such a book, tracing the interaction of the religious and intellectual faculties from the earliest times through every philosophic school, describing the various "conflicts of faith," and the evidences of God in nature, is sure to be abundantly suggestive. We commend it to all who are fond of ontological discussions: Our own feeling is that such statements as "the intelligent Will is the only explanation of the existence and order of the universe" can never be proved. They must always be taken on authority, of one sort or another. The chapter on "Genesis and Geology" contains some interesting contributions to an old subject of controversy.

Mr. Joseph Cook is a well-known speaker; and impassioned rhetoric is the best way of dealing before mixed audiences with such subjects as "Scepticism and Rationalism," and "The Certainties of Religion and Speculations of Science" (Ward and Lock). It proves nothing to call Herbert Spencer "a candid man under the power of a tyrannical theory," or to speak of "the more than Tartarean blackness of the sulphur smoke of Free Love;" or to complain of "the dust thrown into the air of our time by the Materialists." But such talk enforces thought in those who listen; it is what we call suggestive; and if Mr. Cook can make the Bostonians feel that Theodore Parker was a vastly over-rated, self-contradicting sayer of crude, extravagant sophisms, he will have done well. The man who spoke of the God of orthodoxy as "eminently malignant," and of sin as "needful for our development," surely does not deserve the worship which "the hub of the universe" has accorded him. Mr. Cook does well, too, in pointing out how grossly evangelical theology is caricatured by its opponents, and how strangely the scientific study of theology is neglected in this age of culture. His substitute for aristocracy in America is "spiritual Church membership," for his De Tocqueville teaches him that "men never so much need to be theocratic as when they are most democratic;" and in choosing "God-appointed leaders," he would, perhaps, look for that "solar light" which, he says, "beams from the faces of the good, and which was manifested in a supreme degree at the Transfiguration." Anyhow we are grateful to him for insisting (after Ulicio) on the facts of consciousness and the existence of spirit apart from matter, and also for giving due prominence to Dr. Lionel Beale's investigations. It is remarkable how much authority weighs with him in spite of his assertion that it is of no value at all in America; but rhetoric, as distinguished from argument, must always bring authority to the front. Mr. Cook is rich in anecdote, and many of his sayings are pithy and worth remembering, as, for instance, that Orpheus, who sang down the Sirens, is better than Ulysses, who had to stop his ears against them. He is sometimes wrong. It may be only paradoxical to speak of Cromwell as the first American, and Hampden as the second; but it is bad English to call a man a brunette.

Mr. F. G. Heath is not the first who has protested against the bedding-out system, with its crude colour during autumn, and its bare brown earth the rest of the year. Mr. Robertson combated it eloquently; so did Lord Beaconsfield when in "Lothair" he described the Lady Corisande's garden. But gardens are what they are, dependent mainly on flowers from the other hemisphere, because all the world is in town just when the old-fashioned flowers are in bloom. In gardening, as in all else, we are such slaves of fashion that even sound country parsons have given in to the easier and more routine plan of growing geraniums and zinnias, and florists' flowers. "My Garden Wild, and What I Grew There" (Chatto and Windus) is a plea for weeds. In a walled back garden, with nothing characteristic about it except a double row of lime trees, Mr. Heath manages to establish an imitation of a real wild spot in the real country. How he goes to work, bringing in ferns of course, grasses, and ground ivy, and primrose, and campion, and willow-herb, and all the common along with not a few rare wild flowers, he tells in his own pleasing way. He does not live in London; so he does not say how smoke agrees with the constitution of the cowslip, for instance. But some wild plants are smoke-proof, and even Londoners may learn from him what a pleasure a "garden wild" may be, if properly cared for. It takes time; and Mr. Heath's hint about transplanting—"move your plant, earth, grass and all"—is very needful; but the time will be well spent, and there will always be some result, though few can hope for Mr. Heath's exceptional success alike with land and water and marsh and mountain plants. From Watson's "Topographical Botany" he names against the commoner British plants those districts out of the 112 into which Mr. Watson divided Britain, where each plant has been found. Some of the results are startling; we did not expect the mountain globe flower in fifty-six districts, nor the lily of the valley in fifty-two. We heartily recommend the book. Those who would bring spring and early summer home with them into street or terrace should study Mr. Heath, and see how far they can do as he did.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "World Behind the Scenes" (Chatto and Windus) is a very readable number of "The Wanderer's Library," telling all about the mechanism of stage illusions: the growth of "spectacles," which perhaps reached its *ne plus ultra* in pieces like *Babil and Bijou*; anecdotes and descriptions of actors, including living celebrities; a full account of the Paris new Opera House; and, under the head of "Authors," a list of plays adapted from the French. Mr. Fitzgerald goes into the question of what plays Dickens wrote, and what were attributed to him, among the latter a marvellous Transpontine piece, called *Dombey and Son*; or, *Good Mrs. Brown, the Child-stealer*. His most interesting chapter is that on the Garrick Club Gallery, formed by Charles Mathews; and his best anecdote is how Keeley, when Elliston was acting *Wild Oats* at Coventry, imitated plashing rain by rubbing a new sheet of brown paper against the side-scene. Mr. Fitzgerald is quite right in thinking that attempting too much in scenery destroys illusion, and that the aim should be negative rather than positive; the human interest ought to dwarf all details.

Whether or not Policeman X can be expected to study Mr. Howard Vincent's "Police Code" (Cassell), a copy of it may well find a place in every police station library. It is an abridgment of the General Orders and Instruction Books, and is likely to be very

useful, though we do not find in it any hint about the desirableness of not losing sight of a blood-bespattered railway traveller with somebody else's watch inside his boot. But, as Mr. Vincent says, a great deal must be left to tact and practical experience. That reward bills about stolen property are often elaborately illustrated will be news to many of us.

Mr. J. F. Baness, of the Indian Survey, has enriched his "Index Geographicus Indicus" (London: Stanford; Calcutta: Newman) with a number of useful maps, and the general descriptions of each district contain, in a compressed form, a great deal of information. The work includes the frontier tribes of the Punjab, and the native feudatories in the North-West and elsewhere. Its statistics are brought down to the latest date, and as a book of reference it is sure to be of great practical value. The few pages on the religions and peoples of India are full of interest, though it is puzzling to find Thags for Thugs, and Tudas for the inhabitants of what Mr. Baness calls the Nigiris.

Mr. H. G. Bohn's "Dictionary of Quotations from the English Poets" (Bell and Sons) was published for private distribution in 1857. We are glad that he no longer withholds so valuable a book from the general public. From Chaucer to Tennyson he quotes fully 8,000 passages, arranging them according to subjects. The thing has often been attempted for Shakespeare; and Allot's "English Parnassus," in 1600, was followed by Poole's fifty-seven years later. Had Whitaker's "Dictionary" appeared a few years earlier, Mr. Bohn would not perhaps have begun that plan of making his own extract-book of which this volume is the happy outcome. His subjects are alphabetically arranged—a great improvement on letting a leading word determine the place of a quotation; and he carefully names his author, almost always adding chapter and verse references. We hope editors will take to heart his hint that no poet should be published without a proper numbering of lines and stanzas. Grumblers will ask why Miss Proctor should not appear as well as her father, and why Motherwell is omitted from a list which contains Turnbull, and whether Miss Havergal is not worthy to rank with Keble. But if Mr. Bohn's list is not absolutely complete, it is very full, and shows a rare acquaintance with English authors. The book is far the best of its kind.

In a thoroughly practical way, Mrs. Eliot James treats of "Profitable and Economical Poultry Keeping" (Ward and Lock), wisely insisting on cleanliness as one great requisite to success. "Poultry-keepers" (she says) "must not mind trouble; look after your birds yourself." It is a grand mistake to think that fowls will not pay unless kept in large numbers. The French peasant is a model poultry-keeper, and if Mrs. James's readers could get the British labourer to imitate his thrifty managing ways we should soon reduce our costly egg importation. The book is full of valuable hints.

In "A Visit to Abyssinia" (Hurst and Blackett) Mr. Winstanley speaks of the country as sadly disappointing. The villages are inexpressibly squalid, and the people of strangely low type considering they have had an established Monarchy for over 1,000 years, and have been Christians for a much longer period. Their religion certainly does not make them moral (the daughters of his hosts stole our author's liquors when they could not wheedle them out of him), and their temporary marriages destroy family feeling. In their objection to washing they are a contrast to Mahomedans; in fact, we would rather not believe (as Mr. Winstanley tells us we must), that such an unsatisfactory race is "Caucasian." The scenery is grand, the soil fertile, but one hindrance to progress is the swarm of idle ecclesiastics. The land is full of churches, mostly thatched huts, arranged somewhat on the plan of the Jewish temple; though at Frangar there is a brick cathedral with very rude frescoes. Mr. Winstanley saw a good deal of King Johannes, who treated him better than he did Colonel Gordon, and took him on a very uncomfortable visit to the royal sulphur baths. He required this attention by trying to introduce chewing tobacco, smoking being by royal edict strictly forbidden. Leap-frog he did succeed in making popular. Any book about an almost unknown country must be interesting; but the first of these volumes is nearly taken up with the journey through the Soudan. Mr. Winstanley looked out for live beef-steaks; but he only saw a feast on a raw ox, the bleeding strips of whose flesh were washed down with hydromel.



"LIEUTENANT BARNABAS," by Frank Barrett (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is a novel which it is exceptionally easy, as well as pleasant, to praise. The period of the story, indeed, is not very easily fixed, because while the Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert come upon the stage in person, the atmosphere and general colouring belong to the earlier half of the last century. But, if we allow ourselves to throw the Regency sufficiently far back, the old-fashioned colouring will be found not only exceedingly well managed, but essential to the story. It is not merely a graceful ornament, but serves as a natural soil for the plot to grow in. The plot itself, without being really original, has all the appearance and effect of originality: the old theme of unconsciously heroic self-sacrifice is treated with a vigorous freshness which makes us realise that when the most favourite themes of fiction seem stale, it is from no fault of their own, and that there is plenty of life in them still. It is, however, in dealing with strongly marked character that Mr. Barrett's power is most signally displayed. Lieutenant Barnabas Crewe himself is a scoundrel of the meanest and most odious kind, who is at the same time so unfortunate as to be branded as such by nature. Everybody who knows him sees at once what he is—he inspires even casual publicans with a sort of certainty that he will try to escape without paying his score. He is driven both by circumstance and inclination to pay his servant daily wages for the pleasure of cheating him out of them before bed-time. He takes to the road for a living, but is without more daring than is enough to take shillings from butchers' wives and bakers' men. And yet even Lieutenant Barnabas, by force of his unscrupulous rascality, rises at last above the level of grotesque comedy into that of tragedy. His brother, Gerard Crewe, the gambler of refined tastes, who gives up his own life to save that of his successful rival in love, and whom love redeems from a career hardly less ignoble than that of Barnabas, is also a fine study, though it would well have borne fuller development. But the best character in the novel is that of Lady Betty—one of the freshest, most charming, and most natural studies of the growth of a child into a woman that has appeared for a very long time. She has many faults: but they are all charming, and make us understand how she fascinated Tom Talbot at their first interview, and how, against his will, he became her slave until his deeper nature made him her master. The novel is full of sense and humour; and if it has a decided fault, it consists in a tendency to slur over strong situations. But faults of reticence are sure to lie on the side of power.

Mr. Richard Dowling, on the other hand, is always at his best in proportion to the violence of his situations. He is above all things a novelist of incident, and uses character almost always to bring about dramatic events: he very seldom introduces events for the purpose of illustrating character. "The Husband's Secret" is the first and longest of a collection of tales in three volumes (Tinsley Bros.) to which it gives its name. It is a wild and

picturesque romance, decidedly "sensational" in character, and constructed with dramatic skill. As usual, Mr. Dowling has crowded into little more than a single volume quite enough material for three—the reverse of the usual process of the manufacture of fiction. Of the remaining tales the most striking is certainly that entitled "From the Condemned Cell"—a hideously powerful study of latent monomania which few will be able to read without considerable discomfort to the nerves. Many of these stories may claim kindred with Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Laughing Mill," and "Archibald Malmesbury." Mr. Dowling is certainly one of the few writers who may reject reticence without loss of any characteristic power. The wilder and more terrible the regions through which he travels, the better his pen carries him.

Mr. George W. Cable is an American author well-known to the readers of *Scribner's Monthly*. His "Madame Delphine," a novelette (1 vol.: Warne and Co.), is a curious and very far from coherent or intelligible study of something—whether of individual character, or of life in New Orleans, is not very easy to say. Readers who are at all in a hurry to get through are tolerably safe to be left in a hazy condition, especially as the extraordinary dialect spoken by the characters is apparently much too faithfully rendered to be readable without a great deal of study. Some special knowledge of French Louisiana seems necessary for a proper appreciation, or even comprehension, of "Madame Delphine," and the shorter tales that follow; whereas it is the duty of the novelist, if not to supply his readers with intelligence, to make the exercise of ordinary intelligence pleasant and easy. Mr. Cable's sketches of character are shadowy, mystical, and full of a flavour of unreality. An exception, however, must be made in favour of "Posson Jones" (Parson Jones), which contains a great deal of very human nature.

"The Two Victors," by E. Bedell Benjamin (1 vol.: F. V. White and Co.), is another American novelette of much more conventional pattern. Sentiment, millinery, and the aesthetics of Continental touring, hashed together without any sort of coherent form, give their atmosphere to what is in many ways a typically Transatlantic story. It contains a great deal of appreciation for everything that it is orthodox to admire, and displays a simple faith in the superiority which is conferred by European travel and a knowledge of German. It is also marked by an obviously genuine love of minor poetry for its own sake—a taste essentially American—and by a high ideal of womanhood from which our own most popular fiction has been drifting away. Of humour there is absolutely no sign. On the whole, there is talent in "The Two Victors," but it is not the talent for writing novels. It is rather the talent of the intelligent reader.

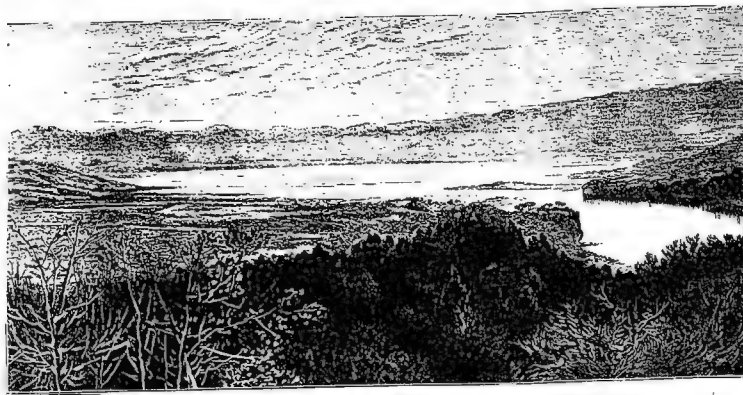


MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—There is some fairly good writing, but a sparse amount of originality, in a Communion Service in G, composed by G. F. Pascoe. The "Kyrie," "Sanctus," and "Credo" are the best portions of this service; but, as a whole, it is disappointing, as something better might have been looked for from this composer.—No. 466 of Novello's "Part Song Book" is "Lord Ullin's Daughter," a choral ballad; the tragical poetry by Campbell, the music by Olivera Prescott. This may be sung either as a quartet or a chorus,—we prefer it as the former; but either way it will prove an acquisition to a choral society.—Right loyal and full of healthy sentiment are the words and music of "Who's for the Queen?" a new patriotic song, written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Gabriel Davis. This song should be sung not only at all Penny Readings throughout the United Kingdom, but wherever sedition is known or even suspected to exist.

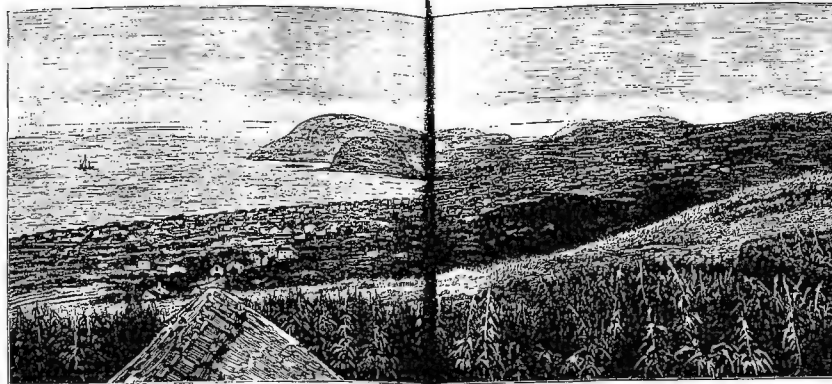
MISCELLANEOUS.—Amateurs of melancholy ballads will admire "The Old Gardener," a dismal narrative poem, with suitable music, and "Now Love's Dream is O'er," which is a trifle more cheerful, written and composed by Richard Bell and H. S. Thompson (H. Bessford).—Of the same school, but with a happy ending, is "Poor Little Girl," words and music by Walter Spinney. The subject of neglected and starving children has been over-written of late, and may be for a time put aside with advantage.—A simple and pleasing song for the schoolroom is "Voices of the Sea," written and composed by G. R. Emerson and Arthur Grünen (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—Of the same type as the above is "The Watermill," a pleasant poem, with an excellent moral, by Sarah Doudney, music by W. T. Bishop.—"Nuts in May" is a quaint and very pathetic narrative song, telling of a child at play with his companions who, we cannot see for why, is taken away from his sport by the Angel of Death; the words are by James S. Brown, music by A. C. Gitts (Messrs. Howard and Co.).—A fascinating tenor will make a great hit with a bright and cheery ballad, "Between the Lights," written and composed by R. J. Larking and J. Chippendale, between whom the honours of success may be divided.—Wise in his generation is Edwin Allwright, who, having written and composed a stirring sea song, with chorus *ad libitum*, "Heave Ho," sends it forth, stating that "any person is at liberty to sing this song in public" (F. Pitman).—Of a more ordinary type is a mild little sea-song, "When Tom Comes Home," words and music by G. H. Ryan and Dr. John d'Este (Alphonse Bertini).—A dramatic song of an obsolete type on the subject of slavery is "Free," written by J. S. Wood, and composed by Charles Tinney; this work was generously published for the Building Fund of the Chelsea Hospital for Women (Messrs. Chappell and Co.).—In readiness for the autumn season, suitable for Sunday School festivals of a Methodical order, comes "The Christian's Progress," a service of song, with alternate hymns and Bible readings, composed and compiled with a fair amount of skill by Joseph Hall (F. Pitman).—A marvel of cheapness is *The Musical Circle*, a fortnightly journal, containing a variety of grave and gay, copyright and standard vocal and instrumental music—seven pieces for a penny (H. Vickers).—A very welcome present for any one of the numerous admirers of the great pianist and composer, Anton Rubinstein, will be a volume of pianoforte duets, entitled "Bal Costumé," characteristic of various ages and nationalities, from his versatile pen. The public in general would probably pronounce them obscure (Messrs. Ed. Bote and G. Bock, Berlin).—An "Andante, with Variations, in A major," by Alphonse d'Aveux, will supply excellent and useful practice for the pianoforte (C. C. Turner, Bristol).—Amateurish in the extreme is "The Shamrock Polka," by C. McAuliffe, who will, it is to be hoped, do something better before again challenging public criticism (C. Roynance).

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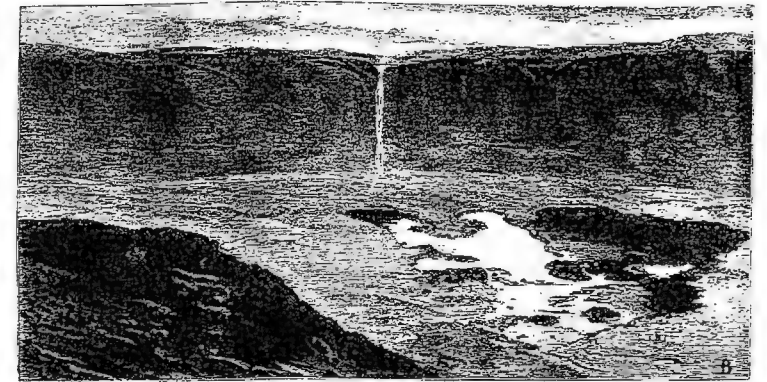




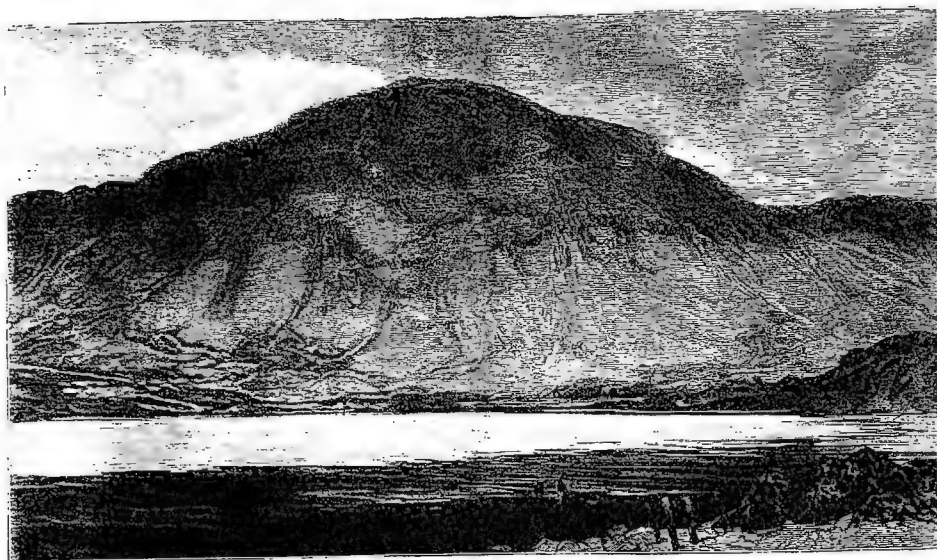
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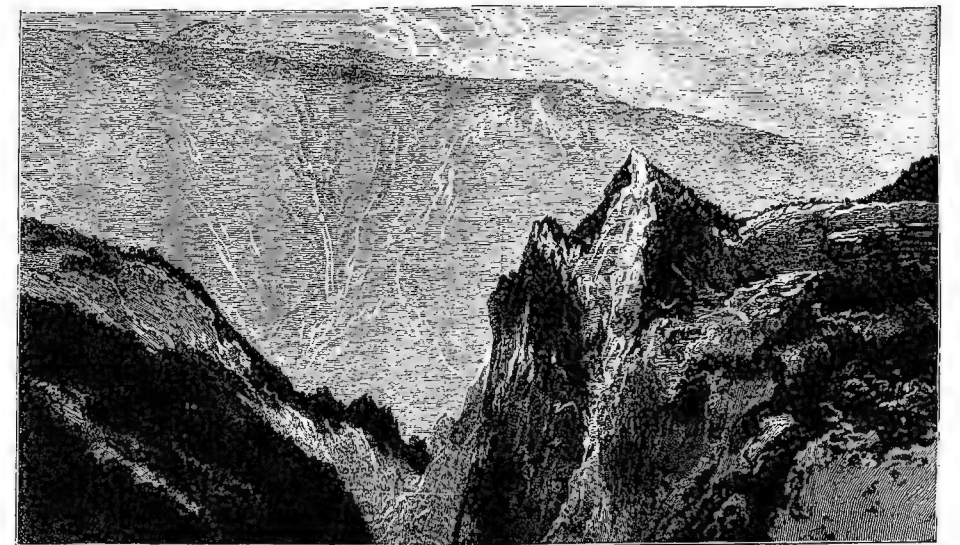
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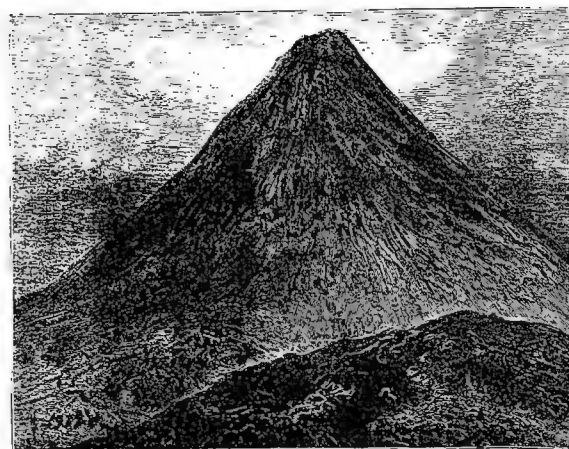
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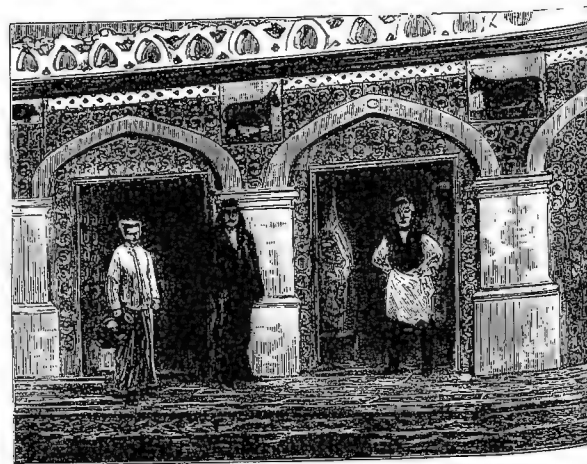
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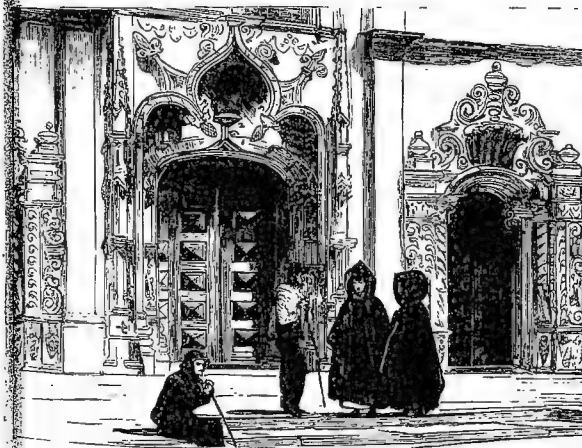
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"TALON ROUGE," writing in *Family Fair*, under date March 17, 1877, says: "This medicine has cured me of a COLD, and I am cured in the head. The man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I awoke with the feeling of a general oppression, the certain precursor of a cold. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS CURED. It is a colourless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE." The unsolicited correspondent of *Family Fair* bears testimony that three drops of the Specific, taken at intervals of an hour, will certainly cure the most obstinate of colds. He writes disinterestedly, "desiring," as he says, "only to make known the healing properties of GLYKALINE, and so to confer a boon on the suffering human race."

**GLYKALINE** is the surest and speediest Remedy, and all who suffer from obstructed breathing should use it. In bottles, 1s. 7½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold by all Chemists. Full directions with each bottle.

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**NEURALINE** never fails to give relief. It is in demand throughout the world. As a sure specific against Nerve Pains it is deservedly the most successful application (in many cases) permanently curing the sufferer. Sir James Matheson received the following letter from Mr. Edgar, of Butt Light-house, Island of Lewis, N.B.: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD EVER APPLIED. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."

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**AUROSINE,** THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, Preserves the Hands, the Skin, and the Lips.

**AUROSINE** quickly removes Chaps, Unsightliness, and Roughness of Skin, effects of sea-air, &c., and (especially in Winter) protects the exposed cuticle from atmospheric attacks and the influences of exposure. It renders the surface of the skin beautifully smooth; imparts suppleness, whiteness, and the natural hue of health, while in no degree impeding the pores, but, on the contrary, AUROSINE is pleasant to the touch, agreeable in its perfume, while colourless and not greasy. In bottles, 1s. 7½d. by post, 1s. 3d.

**ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE,** A LIQUID DENTIFRICE. The Best Elixir for the Teeth and Gums.

This elegant and approved preparation may be used in confidence. It cleanses and whitens the Teeth, guards them against decay, improves and preserves the enamel, and hardens the Gums, while benefiting their colour. As an astringent, antiseptic, and detergent, the Tincture is widely esteemed and in increasing demand. It effectually disguises the odour of Tobacco. In bottles, 1s. 7½d., and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.

**BERBERINE,** FOR INTERNAL DISORDERS. A new and invaluable discovery, alleviating and removing Headache, Constipation, Derangement of the Liver, Biliousness, and Nausea. This preparation, by stimulating the stomach, promoting the action of the bowels, removing Giddiness, and the feeling of Prostration. BERBERINE is really excellent for Colic and Pains in the Back; while against Indigestion and concomitant evils it stands unrivalled. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 7½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.

**OZONISED OIL,** THE NEW PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR. By the use of this Oil, not only is the Hair nourished and its natural appearance improved, but decay and weakness are arrested, the growth excited, and prejudicial influences eradicated. It is proportionately so effective in all complaints of the Hair (King or) OZONISED OIL distinctly and speedily strengthens the fibre, while merely requiring to be well brushed into the roots. The New Preparation is NOT A DYE, and may be unhesitatingly used. Sold in bottles, 1s. 7½d., and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 3s.

**ODONTALGIC ESSENCE** FOR THE TEETH. Will be found most serviceable wherever there exists evidence of decay. This liquid stopping protects the exposed nerves from cold or foreign substances (as crumbs), and while giving security and ease, causes no inconvenience. The Essence cures Toothache, and does not impede mastication. The application is simple. Sold in bottles, 1s. 7½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.

**CHILDREN'S POWDERS,** SPECIALLY PREPARED. These powders are applicable to both Children and Adults. They are very effective in expelling Worms, especially the smaller kinds (known as Ascariids) which are the pests of infants. Intestinal worms of larger dimensions are got rid of by the use of these Powders with remarkable facility, and consequently adults or persons in years will obtain relief, the efficacy of the preparation (CHENOPOLIM ANTHELMINTICUM) being quite unquestionable. While the appetite and general health are improved, together with tone to the system, the Powders create no nausea, and are in no way dangerous. Directions with each box. Price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, free.

**PHOSPHO-MURIATE of Quinine.** SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR GENERAL DEBILITY. This reliable Specific possesses numerous important features. It removes Lassitude, braces the system, relieves Headache, tranquillises the Sleep, soothes the Temper, strengthens the Memory, equalises the Spirits, and thus is a corrective of Nervousness, Excitement, and Depression. Sufferers from Exhaustion and Brain-weariness will gain speedy relief. Directions with each bottle. 1s. 7½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

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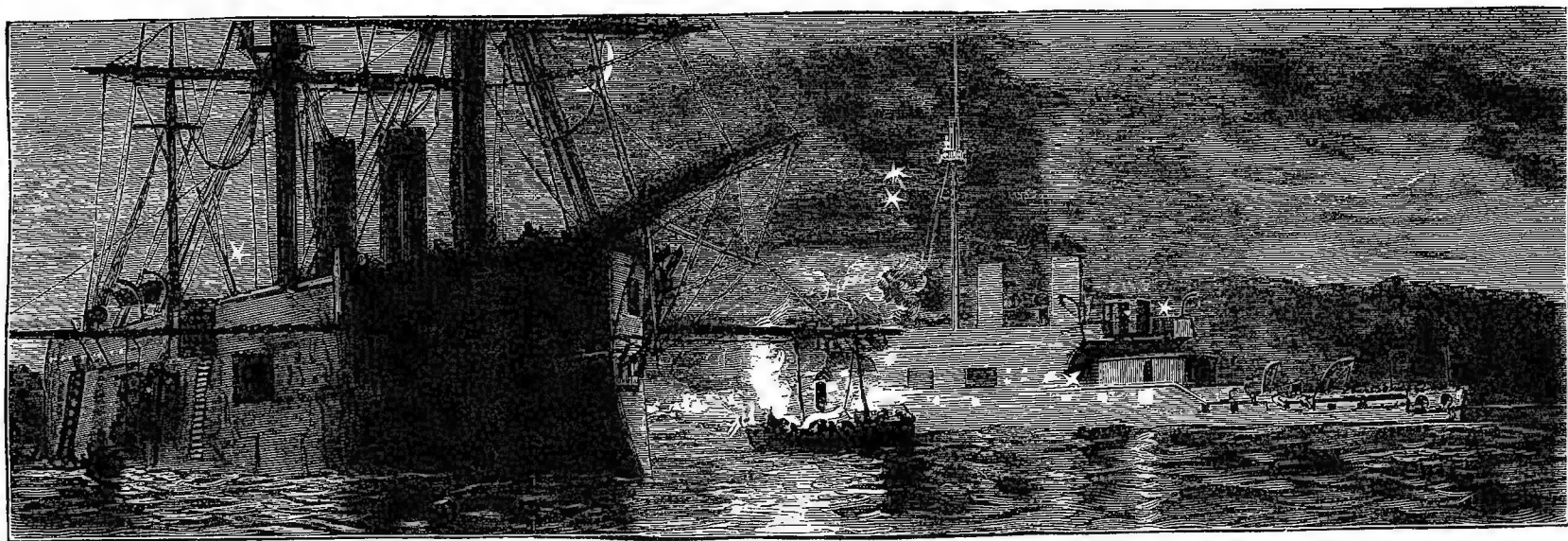




KAPIOLANI, QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

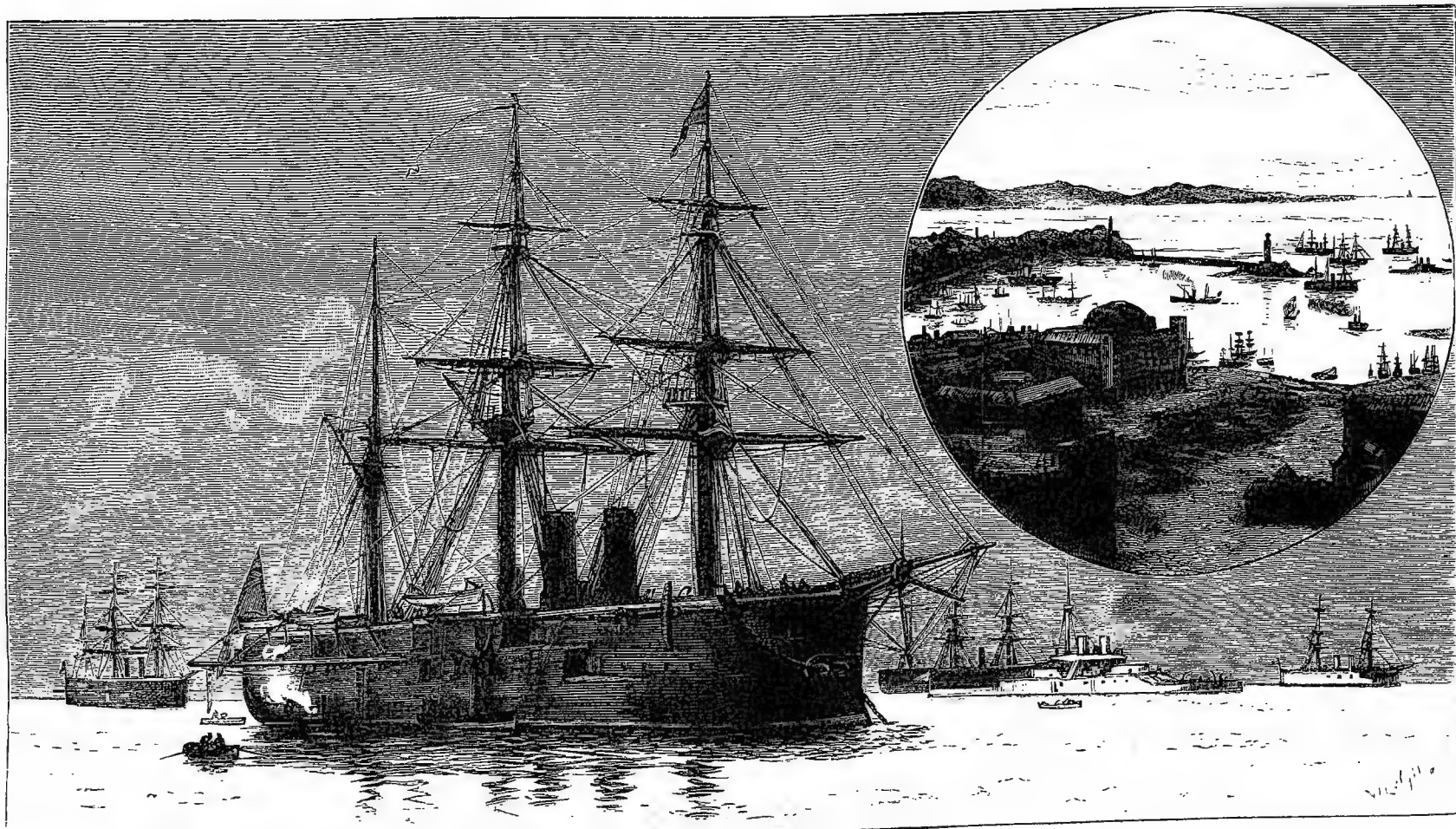


KALAKAUA I., KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS



AN EVENING SERENADE

THE HARBOUR



THE FLEET LYING OFF THE HARBOUR

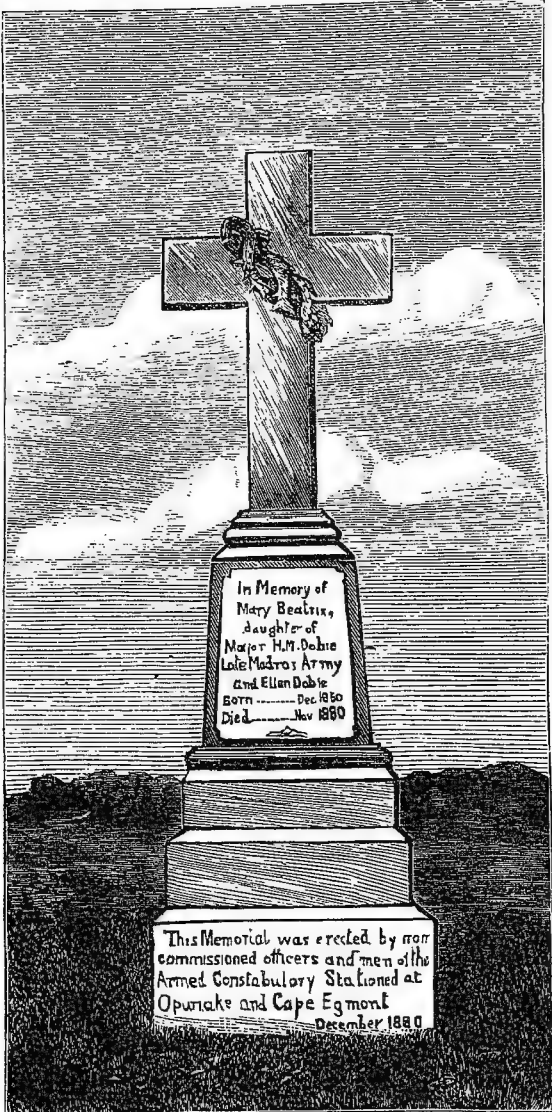
THE VISIT OF THE BRITISH FLEET TO TRIESTE



power the part of the hero, John Tressider, and Miss E. Falconer sustains with considerable command of truth and feeling the character of the unhappy but finally vindicated heroine. The performance in general being that of a company accustomed to act together, was creditably free from the crudeness which too often characterises the efforts of summer managements.

### MONUMENT AT UPUNKA, NEW ZEALAND

OUR readers will perhaps remember that on the 5th February last we published a portrait and memoir of the late Miss M. B. Dobie, who was murdered at Te Namu, in the Taranaki district, on the 25th November previous, by a Maori named Tuhii. This tragical occurrence aroused great sympathy throughout the colony, and this sympathy was especially felt by the men of the Armed Constabulary stationed at Opunake, Miss Dobie being well known to them, as she was staying with her sister (married to Major Forster Goring, their commanding officer) at the time of her death. When she was missing on that fatal afternoon they made zealous and unwearied search for her, and shortly afterwards they resolved to show their admiration of their officer's sister-in-law while living, and their respect for her memory, by erecting a monument to her. A



marble cross, accordingly, the cost of which was defrayed by their voluntary subscriptions, was prepared at Wellington; and has since been erected at Opunake. The cross has a wreath round the top, and is mounted on a base of two steps. It bears the following inscription: "In memory of Mary Beatrix, daughter of Major H. M. Dobie, late Madras Army, and Ellen Dobie. Born 22nd December, 1850, died 25th November, 1880." At the base is engraved: "This memorial was erected by non-commissioned officers and men of the Armed Constabulary stationed at Opunake and Cape Egmont, December, 1880."

We may add in conclusion that the Armed Constabulary, which consists wholly of men of European origin, is modelled in point of discipline and organisation on the Constabulary of Ireland. It was established about fifteen years ago, and has been hitherto very successful in keeping the peace between the White settlers and the Maories.

### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

CIRCUMSTANCES, upon which it is unnecessary to dwell, will naturally arouse some curiosity as to the merits of "Poems," by Oscar Wilde (David Bogue). It may at once be said that the verses are very clever, and, if they do not show any striking amount of originality, at least bear testimony to their author's sense of beauty, both of form and nature. Perhaps the best of the pieces is "The Burden of Ibyx," which has some really lovely stanzas, redolent of summer and green fields; very good also is the "Serenade at page 92, only mellot is not white but yellow. Such poems as "Panthica," "Charmides," or "Humanitad" will appeal chiefly to the disciples of that sensuous school of poetry which seems to have run its short-lived feverish course, but "The Dole of the King's Daughter" is a good, weird ballad, and there are some fine passages in "The Garden of Eros," though perhaps Mr. Wilde is a little enthusiastic in his praise of the three living poets whom he obviously copies. The book is well, even sumptuously, produced.

In spite of its rather affected title, "Thirty-two Ballades in Blue China," by A. Lang (C. Kegan Paul), has a great deal to recommend it. These imitations of French measures must always have a laboured effect, and in reading them one feels as if witnessing a hornpipe in fetters; it is very clever, but was it worth the trouble of doing? Mr. Lang is at his best in his Scots poems, and in those in which he gives himself free scope; the "Ballade of the Tweed" is charming, and makes one long to have the rod in one's hand, and a clear throw over the shallows. "Stoker Bill," too, is admirable as a piece of kindly satire on the so-called æsthetic school, and so is the "adjective" ballad; whilst "The Mystery of Queen Persephone" has lines which hang in the memory. The translations from Villon and others are above the average.

An excellent anthology is "Poetry of Byron," chosen and arranged by Matthew Arnold (Macmillan). The introductory essay is good, and it is pleasant to see so capable a witness upholding his

testimony in favour of the more virile poet in these days of pseudo Shelley-worship. But, query,—was it such great dispraise as Mr. Arnold seems to think when Goethe said of Byron, "The moment he reflects, he is a child?" Some might think that no higher praise could have been bestowed upon the great sorrowful singer whom we men are just beginning to appreciate truly. We wonder not to find Jacopo Foscari's noblest speech, and what is the matter with "He who hath bent him o'er the dead?" It seems to offend Mr. Arnold's finer sensibilities, but it has drawn tears from many unused eyes.

Unequal work characterises "Songs and Sonnets of Springtime," by Constance C. W. Naden (C. Kegan Paul). The title has nothing to do with the contents, which embody the thoughts of a refined and thoughtful gentlewoman; some scholarly modern taste is also shown in the translations from the German, but beyond this there is little to be said. In one piece called "The Sculptor" there is a very good verse, where the supposed speaker has reached the limit of his powers:

Oh, that some charm were wanting! that some stain  
Marred the ideal grace my vision wore!  
For I may live, but cannot hope again;  
And I may toil, but shall advance no more.

Therein breathes the true artistic feeling. Otherwhere there are symptoms of not too successful imitation; "Six Years Old" is too obviously modelled on one of Miss Ingelow's prettiest little poems, and the *motif* of "The Abbot" recalls both Mr. Charles Reade's finest touch in "The Cloister and the Hearth," and a poem with a very similar title.

There is not much to be said about "The Demon," a poem, by Michael Lermontoff, translated from the Russian by A. C. Stephen (Triibner), except that the story has furnished the libretto of M. Rubinstein's opera, lately produced at Covent Garden Theatre. Probably that success caused the publication of the present second edition; but, however good the poem may be in the original, it is not effective as a translation; the story is meagre and uninteresting, and the verse does not rise above mediocrity.

### CAUGHT BY THE TIDE ON THE COAST OF FILEY

FILEY is a quiet, picturesque watering-place overlooking one of the finest bays on the coast of Yorkshire, and Filey Brigg, with its long reef of rocks stretching far into the sea, at the northern extremity, is a natural curiosity of a most remarkable kind, resembling a vast quarry, where the waves are ever at work undermining the soft sandstone with mason-like precision, and with wonderful force raising the divided pieces and scattering them in all directions. It is exceedingly pleasant to walk from Scarborough to Filey by the road, to rest at the Crescent Hotel, and then, should the tide permit, to wander along the Brigg and scramble over the huge boulders which, for centuries past, the sea has been cutting away from the headland and casting on to the beach, where they lie in the wildest confusion. Near to the second cave a memorial tablet of white marble has been let into the rocks. The inscription upon it records that Charles Paget, Esq., and Ellen, his wife, were swept off Filey rocks by a wave of extraordinary volume, and drowned, in October, 1873. Their bodies were not found. The spot where they were standing is barely covered at high water, and at the time the tide only wanted an hour and a half to low water. The slab was placed there by the members of the family to warn persons against the danger of venturing on the rocks during the prevalence of certain winds that are likely to cause a ground-swell. From the end of the Brigg a good view may be obtained of the grand coast from Scarborough Castle to Flamborough Head.

The journey, however, from Scarborough to Filey by way of the sands, if not altogether impracticable, is exceedingly toilsome and dangerous, and no one should attempt it who is not sure-footed, active, and self-possessed. The following adventure will serve to show the difficulties one may have to encounter, and the risks to which one may be exposed. Reckoning it would not take more than three or four hours to accomplish the distance, which the guide-books state to be eight miles, my brother and I started from Scarborough one morning at ten o'clock. The tide would not begin to flow till twelve. We therefore hoped to arrive at the worst part when the water would be at its lowest level, but we judged that our route lay across the sands, with occasional rocky obstructions, and had no idea of the obstacles that stood in the path. The sun shone brightly as we left the Spa, but a dark cloud was gathering over the Scar, which quickly increased in volume, and before we were half a mile on the way the rain was falling heavily. We were forced to shelter in a small cave, and the rain changing into a drenching mist detained us nearly an hour. Shortly after eleven we resumed our course over the Black Rocks, and, scrambling round the point called the White Nab, entered Cornelian Bay. There we amused ourselves for a short time in looking for agates, which its pebbles are said to contain, but failed to discover any quartz of a precious quality, and as the tide had nearly ceased ebbing we were compelled to abandon the search. Then came the struggle over the crags of Osgoodby Nab, at the southern end of the bay, where we experienced a foretaste of the ordeal which awaited us, but we were by no means willing to give up our project, and in walking over the smooth sands of Cayton Bay, more than a mile in extent, we had time to recruit our energy and prepare for other contingencies. At the southern end of this bay, on one of the green banks sloping to the beach, we observed a notice board, cautioning persons against proceeding southwards, and stating it to be an impossibility to reach Filey along the shore. This warning, much to our regret later on, we were foolish enough to disregard. We had been told of excursion parties making the journey by moonlight, and of ladies being among their number, and we had heard of people being entrapped by the waves and having to remain throughout the night in the dreariest situations, and also of others still more unfortunate, whom serious accidents had befallen. We wished to explore the coast for ourselves. The rain had ceased, the sun was again visible, and the air was fresh and exhilarating, and, moreover, there was a peculiar charm in the wild beauty and solemn stillness of this part of the coast that tempted us to proceed. Accordingly we pushed on with the utmost speed, and, having completed half the distance, were soon engaged in scaling the great boulders of Yons Nab. It was then about half-past twelve; the flood tide had begun, and the snow-white fringe was creeping steadily upwards. Mists gathered over the sky at intervals, followed by light showers of rain, and the lower rocks, encrusted as they were with shells and partly covered with seaweed, were rendered so slippery on that account that it was extremely unsafe to pass over them; consequently we were obliged to choose those on a higher level, close under the cliffs. Having succeeded in rounding Yons Nab, we hurried along the sweep of Gristhorpe Bay, and then our strength began to be severely taxed. Gigantic piles of rocks stretched onwards in an almost unbroken range. The blocks were of a larger size and more awkwardly placed than any we had before met with. At times we came across enormous masses of earth, tons in weight, with patches of grass still upon them showing the recency of their fall, and high above us the half-detached pieces seemed ready to drop from the edge of the overhanging cliffs. From that time it was no longer walking, or moving along in an ordinary way. It was a series of odd gymnastics and singular postures. At one moment raising the body as high as the hands could reach, and resting perched on a shaky boulder; at the next lowering the feet carefully on to a treacherous ridge, gliding along with hands and

knees on a shelving ledge, or between two slanting sides of rock with a yawning hollow beneath, losing one's footing and bruising one's bones on the sharp edges and angles—such was the work which exhausted our strength and hindered our progress. We hoped that each headland would be the last we should have to encounter, and we dreaded the thought of returning. But time after time we were doomed to be disappointed, as a further projection obscured the view. At half-past three we found ourselves at the foot of a prodigious heap of rocks, which appeared to offer a vantage-ground for viewing the coast beyond, and we felt certain that Filey Brigg could not be far off. We were nearly worn out by fatigue, and our limbs were so stiff, and ached so much from the unaccustomed exertion, that we could scarcely move them. With no little anxiety, therefore, we dragged ourselves to the top, and at the first glance learnt the imminent danger of our position. A hundred yards ahead the waves were dashing against the precipitous cliffs, and we saw that further advance was impossible. The scene was one of terrible grandeur. The dark cliffs towered aloft, and cast their broad, sombre shadows over the sea; and the tall sheets of spray looked like white phantoms rising up their black fronts. Below us, the billows were splashing and foaming among the crags; and casting up their silvery torrents in endless fountains; the dark masses of seaweed lay thickly strewn around; and down in the deep cavities the hideous forms of crustaceans could be seen crawling out of their haunts. It seemed like a frightful dream, or a weird conception of Milton's. It brought to our minds the romance of Monte Christo where Edmond Dantès escape from the Chateau d'If, and lands on the Isle of Tiboulén. On looking up at the place where the perpendicular cliff rose abruptly from the boulders on which we stood, we discovered the broken blade of an oar and a fisherman's basket, crushed and bleached by the the surf, which were unmistakable signs that the water had overflowed it. But in that glance our resolution was taken. Retreat was our only course. It was more than a mile to the nearest point at which we could hope to find a refuge; so, collecting all our remaining strength, we began to retrace our steps. But a strange spirit seemed to have entered into our souls; we no longer stopped to pick our way over the smoothest slabs; we bounded from point to point without hesitation, though a false step would have broken our limbs, or hurled us into a chasm. Not a moment was to be lost, for at every stretch of sand the passage became narrower. In this way we proceeded for more than an hour, till exhaustion made us despair of ever reaching a place of safety. At length, we observed a break in the cliffs which appeared to offer a possible means of ascent to the green slopes beyond. We hurried round the strand of the bay that intervened, which the sea had nearly covered, and climbed the bank abutting from the steeper acclivity. The ascent from the bank to the top did not appear to be difficult, and we were only too glad to avail ourselves of it in order to escape from the waves, so, choosing the furrowed lines which the rain had grooved in the grey mail, we clambered slowly up. But we had formed but a vague idea, when, looking up from its base, of what the incline was. We found that towards the top the steepness increased, and the light soil broke away at every step. With our nerves at the highest stretch we crept on towards the ledge, from whence sprang the high grassy slopes. This ledge we at last succeeded in gaining, and, after a pause, ascended the slope, which was covered with long wet grass. At half-past five we arrived at the summit of Gristhorpe Cliff, 270 feet above the sea, and two miles and a half from Filey, which place we reached at half-past six, having been eight hours and a-half on the way.

CHARLES J. HARRINGTON



THREATENING MR. FORSTER.—A young Irishman, named Patrick Tadford Hickie, has been arrested in London on a charge of sending to Mr. W. E. Forster a letter threatening to murder him. The document, which was embellished with sketches of a pistol, a skull and cross-bones, and a tombstone bearing the inscription "In Memory of Buckshot Forster, R.I.P.," informed Mr. Forster that his only chance of remaining in life was to release the Irish prisoners and immediately retire from office. It was signed P. T. H., and another letter, bearing the prisoner's full signature, and referring to the killing of Mr. Forster, was subsequently sent to Scotland Yard by "An Honest Englishman," who stated that he had overheard a conversation between the prisoner and another man relating to the meditated attack on Mr. Forster. Hickie, who is now in custody under remand, states that he is the son of a Dublin solicitor, grand-nephew to General Sir J. Murray and Major Johnson, and nephew to the late Colonel Hickie.

A LAPSED CHARITY.—The Master of the Rolls has just adjudicated upon a singular dispute regarding a charitable bequest. It appears that some sixty-five years ago a fund was instituted for the benefit of the performers who were then connected with the Theatre Royal, York, and in 1868 a Mrs. Spiller, who was the sole surviving member of the company, made a claim for the capital to be paid over to her as the solitary remnant of a tontine. Her claim was, however, disputed, and the fund lodged in Court, the dividends being paid to Mrs. Spiller during her lifetime. Last year she died, and her executors have renewed the claim to the fund, but without success, the Court adopting the suggestion of the Attorney-General that it should be handed over to the Royal General Theatrical Fund, which thus comes in for a nice little windfall of £1,300.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FORGERY is alleged to have been committed by Mr. Thomas Colclough, stamp-distributor for the Dublin Queen's Bench Division, who has been committed for trial on the charge. The use of forged stamps has been traced back to the year 1871, and during last year above 6,400 forged stamps were used for the three Common Law Divisions, representing nearly 1,500£ in money value. The files of the Chancery Division have not yet been examined. The forged stamp was a 5s. one.

THE CRIME OF PERJURY.—Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, in charging the Grand Jury at the Manchester Assizes the other day, alluded to the unusual number of cases of perjury that were upon the lists, remarking that "there was no crime which led to more disastrous consequences, for if the oaths of the witnesses could not be relied upon, the Courts themselves became instruments of oppression and injustice. He was not inclined to increase the severity of the penal code; but he should not think ill of some law which would make the possible punishment of perjury heavier than it now was, for seven years' penal servitude might be a totally inadequate punishment for the mischief a man might cause by perjury, which must always be deliberate, and committed in cool blood. He almost apologised for observations so trite; but sometimes when a thing was so true as to be trite, it was so trite as to be forgotten that it was true."

TWO MONTHS' HARD LABOUR has been imposed by the Ham-mersmith magistrate upon a drunken and disorderly person for assaulting a policeman, and urging a dog to bite him. Subsequently an appeal was made that the sentence might be altered to a "substantial fine," on the ground that, if imprisoned, the accused, who was a gentleman of independent means, would lose his standing in society. The magistrate, however, remarked that it was a gross case, and declined to alter his decision.



CARPETS  
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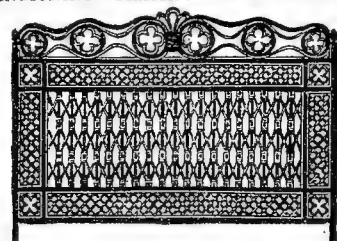
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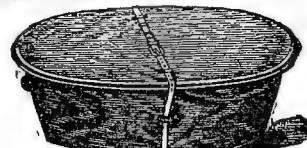
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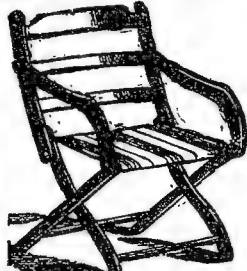
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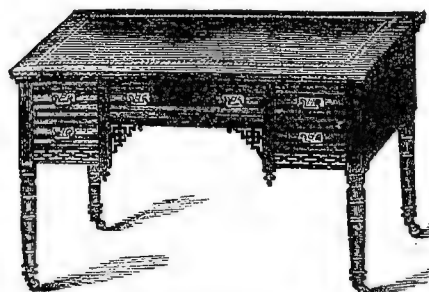
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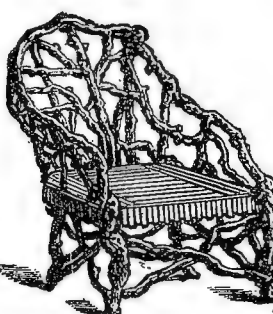
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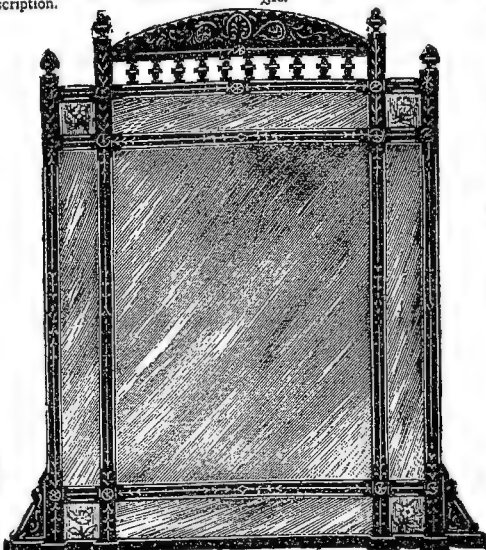
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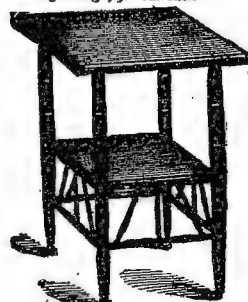
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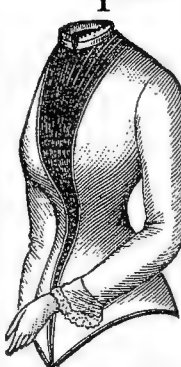
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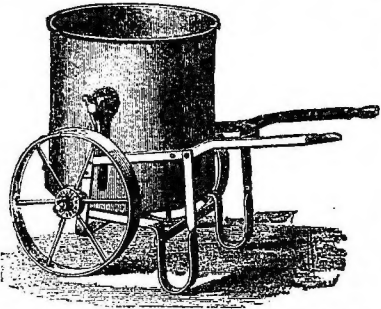




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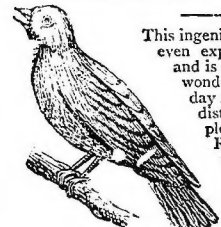
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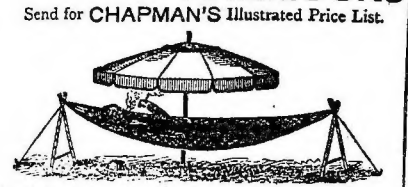
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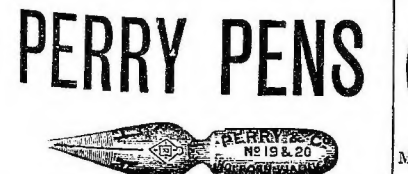
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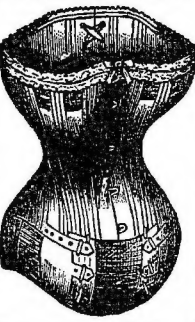
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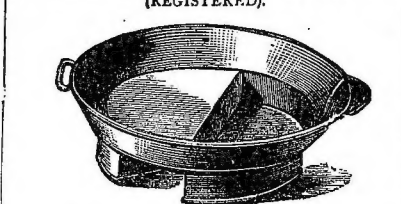
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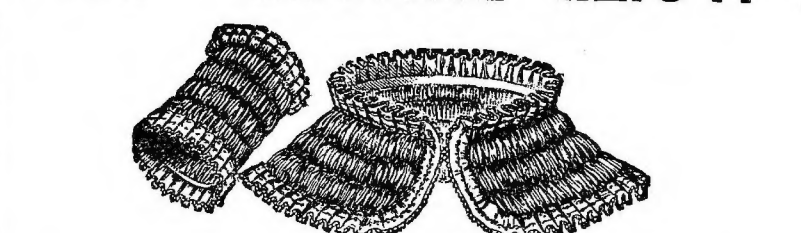
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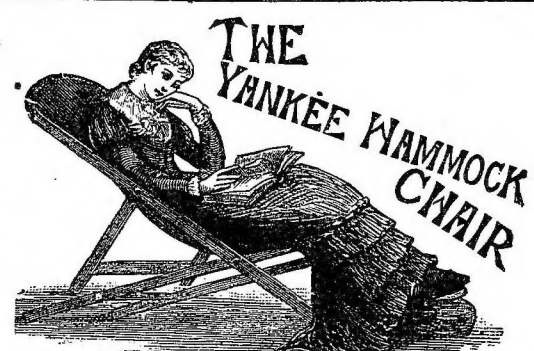
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 Combining SOFA-LOUNGE EASY CHAIR, COUCH, and BED. Changed instantly to either use. Costs but 17s. 6d. complete. Novel and Ornamental as a piece of furniture. Its practical utility has not been equalled in the Cabinet or Upholster's craft. For LIBRARY, DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-ROOM, BED-CHAMBER, or BOUDOIR, its exceptional suitability is seen at a glance, while its strength and portability renders its use practical for the LAWN, SEA-BEACH, SHIP'S DECK, or CAMP. It weighs only 8 lbs., and folds into the compass of a Butler's Tray. HOUSEKEEPERS, STUDENTS, INVALIDS, TRAVELLERS, SOLDIERS, pronounce it the CHAIR OF CHAIRS. Packed and sent to any part of the world. Price 17s. 6d. in solid oak frame.  
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A REMARKABLE INVENTION!

RECOMMENDED BY THE BEST PHYSICIANS,

Which has won its way to Royal favour, having been supplied to the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and other eminent personages, is now brought to the notice of the English public. It cures by natural means; will always do good, never harm, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily in place of the ordinary hair brush. The Brush handle is made of a new UNBREAKABLE material resembling ebony—a combination of substances PRODUCING a PERMANENT ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CURRENT WHICH ACTS IMMEDIATELY UPON THE HAIR GLANDS AND FOLLICLES. This power can always be tested by a silver compass which accompanies each Brush.

IT IS WARRANTED TO

CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE IN FIVE MINUTES.  
CURE BILIOUS HEADACHE IN FIVE MINUTES.  
CURE NEURALGIA IN FIVE MINUTES.  
PREVENT FALLING HAIR AND BALDNESS.  
CURE DANDRUFF AND DISEASES OF THE SCALP.  
PROMPTLY ARRESTS PREMATURE GRAYNESS.  
MAKES THE HAIR GROW LONG AND GLOSSY.  
IMMEDIATELY SOOTHES THE WEARY BRAIN.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED.

IT RARELY FAILS TO PRODUCE A RAPID GROWTH OF HAIR ON BALD HEADS WHERE THE GLANDS AND FOLLICLES ARE NOT TOTALLY DESTROYED.

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NEW YORK BRANCH:  
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FROM REV. DR. BRIDGEMAN, Hyde Park, London, W.  
I have never before given a Testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. I am so pleased with your Hair Brush that I deem it my duty to write to you recommending it most cordially. My hair, about a year since, commenced falling out, and I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Brush a thick growth of hair has made its appearance, quite equal to that which I had previous to its falling out. I have tried other remedies, but with no success. After this remarkable result I purchased one for my wife, who has been a great sufferer from headache, and she finds it a prompt and infallible remedy.

A. C. BRIDGEMAN, D.D.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U.S.A., Feb. 12, 1881.

For the first time in my life I am induced to give a testimonial. Noticing in some paper an advertisement of Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush, I sent 3/4 dols. for one, and find it indeed a remarkable brush. My wife has for years suffered with headaches. The brush cures them at once. Several friends have used it for headaches, and it has never failed. My wife was also getting prematurely bald, but the brush has entirely stopped the falling hair and started a new growth. I used it to remove dandruff, and it works like a charm. Five times the cost would not buy my brush if I could not replace it. To-day I bought of M'Almont, druggist, of this place, two brushes to send to friends who have tried mine and requested me to buy for them. Col. Ponder, Mayor of Walnut Ridge, was attacked by a severe case of sick headache while at my house. He was very sick. My wife proposed to try the brush, which he finally consented to do, with no faith in it, however. In three minutes he said he never felt better in his life, and directed me to send him a brush. I have authorised M'Almont, the druggist, to use my name in recommending it.

Yours truly, GEORGE THORNBURGH, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Thornburgh is also Grand High Priest, Royal Arch Mason, and Past Grand Master of Masons.

Over 30,000 Testimonials can be seen at our Office.

A BEAUTIFUL BRUSH, LASTING FOR YEARS.

WE WILL SEND IT ON TRIAL, POST PAID, on receipt of 12s. 6d., which will be RETURNED if not as represented. We guarantee safe delivery into your hands; or request your nearest Druggist or Fancy Store to obtain one for you, but be sure Dr. Scott's name is on the Box. MONEY RETURNED IF NOT AS REPRESENTED. As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us, and we will return the money. What can be fairer? Remittances should be made payable to GEO. A. NELSON, 62, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.; and Cheques to be crossed London and County Bank. LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE. AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN.

CAUTION.

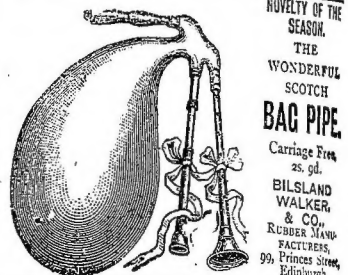
Beware of wire and other so-called Magnetic Brushes. They injure the scalp and promote Baldness. Remember that Dr. Scott's is the only ELECTRIC Brush in the World, and made of pure bristles. If you have bought a wire, metallic, or any magnetic brush, thinking it was this one, you have been imposed upon. SEND FOR A CIRCULAR OF DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC FLESH BRUSH.

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By Special Warrant to Her Majesty, 1837.  
PATTERNS POST FREE.  
DRESSES CARRIAGE PAID. PARCELS FORWARDED TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD CARRIAGE PAID IN UNITED KINGDOM.  
SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED.  
R. A. & CO. are receiving many letters from purchasers expressing their perfect satisfaction.  
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31, COLLEGE GREEN  
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Prices from 5/6 to 10/6 per yard, 24 inches wide.  
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Distilled direct from the Petals of the Choicest and Most Fragrant Flowers of Tropical "Florida."  
SUPERSEDES OTHER TOILET WATERS FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.  
The MOST FRAGRANT, REFRESHING, MOST DELICATE, INVIGORATING, MOST HEALTHFUL, LASTING, INFINITELY SUPERIOR TO EAU DE COLOGNE.  
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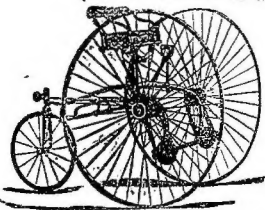
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